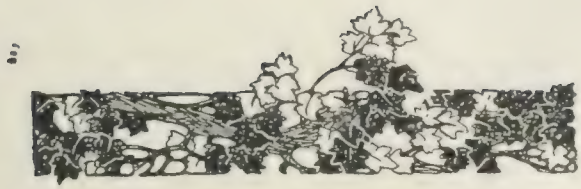


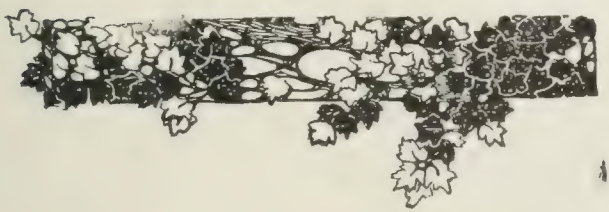
THE CHOICE

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

POPPIES mingled with wheat,
Idlers and toilers,
Scarlet and gold at noon,
Workers and spoilers.

Crimson chalice of sleep,
Golden bread-makers,
Red for the dreamer of dreams,
Gold for the wakers.

From the field's edge she turned,
Life, the shrewd varlet,—
In her hands, golden grain;
At her breast, scarlet.



THERE WAS A COMMOTION IN THE OUTER OFFICE . . . "THEY'LL KILL HIM" SHE THREW HERSELF INTO HIS ARMS

To accompany "The Blackmailers" Blonde . . . See page 169

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Running Canada's Divorce Mill

By George C. Holland

With Illustrations by
Frederic M. Grant

EDITOR'S NOTE—*For years Mr. Holland has been Official Reporter of the Senate at Ottawa which tries two-thirds of all Canada's divorces. Up to five years ago, the Senate had no difficulty in handling all the cases presented, but now the volume of business threatens to overwhelm it. Why? And what is the remedy?*

CANADA, in common with older and more populous countries, is confronted with the problem of an increasing divorce rate. There are local divorce courts in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and British Columbia, but none in the other provinces. Residents of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan and the territories who seek divorce must make application to the Parliament of Canada. For over two-thirds of the population, therefore, the Senate is their only divorce court. From Confederation until the last five or six years, the number of cases was surprisingly small, but recently there has been a marked increase and the volume of business threatens to be more than the Senate can handle.

The incongruity of trying cases, calling for judicial decisions, before a parliamentary committee, instead of referring them to the law courts, has long been a subject of comment. Often the question is asked:

Why are the courts not allowed to deal with divorce?

There are two reasons. In the first place, the Senate has been found a satisfactory tribunal by all except a few who are opposed to divorce on any ground; and in the second place, the Church of Rome will not sanction a dissolution of the marriage tie, and no government could introduce a measure to establish divorce courts without incurring the opposition of the Church and its adherents in Parliament. As a result of their uncompromising attitude on the question, no Roman Catholic Senator will consent to act as

a member of the Divorce Committee or will vote for divorce. All divorce bills are passed "on a division", which is the parliamentary method of indicating that the passage of the bill was opposed although a vote was not taken.

It is just a question whether the present system can be much longer continued. There is a limit to the number of applications that can be considered during a session, and the increasing pressure of divorce business may render a reference of all divorce cases to the law courts necessary. The population of Ontario and the prairie provinces is fast growing, but the divorce cases increase with still greater rapidity, and when the vigorous, aggressive element in the West is given its full representation in Parliament, it may demand the establishment of divorce courts adequate to deal with changing conditions.

CRUELTY IS NOT A GROUND FOR DIVORCE

Some of our public men and journalists are prone to point the finger of scorn at the neighboring republic, where divorce is so prevalent that one out of every ten marriages ends in the divorce court, and contrast its record with our own, claiming that the infrequency of divorce in Canada is evidence of our superior sexual morality and godliness. In making the contrast, however, it should not be forgotten that in the United States there are some 3,000 divorce courts; in Canada, including the four maritime provinces, there are but five tribunals which deal with divorce. In most of the States in the neighboring republic there are many grounds for divorce; in Canada there is but one. In the United States the cost of procuring a divorce is within the means of all but the very poorest; in Canada the cost, especially where the parties live far away from the capital, is prohibitive to all but the well-to-do.

That there is proportionately more vice and immorality in the United States, outside of the great cities, than there is in Canada, is improbable; there are other causes for the contrast, in this matter, between the two countries. In a large percentage of cases brought before the Senate, the respondents had deserted their homes and gone to the United States. Many had procured divorces and married there, to that extent swelling the divorce record of our neighbors. In the absence of statistics, it is impossible to make any definite statement as to the number of such cases dealt with by the courts of the neighboring country every year, but it must be very considerable.

We have no law defining the causes for which Parliament may grant divorce but the unwritten law which governs the Senate in dealing with the applications brought before it, is to grant a separation only for the "scriptural cause", adultery. In the United States each State (except South Carolina, which does not recognize divorce) has its own divorce laws. New York grants divorce for one cause only—adultery. Some of the other States add two other causes—desertion and cruelty. Others again grant divorce for incompatibility, for drunkenness, and a variety of causes which lead to domestic infelicity. Efforts have been made to secure uniformity in the legislation of the several States, and to some extent with success.

The whole tendency of late has been to make the laws more uniform and more stringent, especially in regard to the re-marriage of divorced persons. This is due largely to the efforts of the churches to check the spread of what they regard as a cancer which is eating into the vitals of domestic life; yet,

despite the efforts of the clergy, backed by the State legislatures, divorce increases in a ratio greater than the increase of population, and it looks as though marriage in the neighboring country is becoming experimental a temporary union which may be made permanent if the contracting parties find the marriage relation mutually satisfactory.

In the republic the increase of divorce is larger in the middle and western States—those sections of the country which are most prosperous and towards which population flows in an ever-increasing volume. Moreover, statistics show that in times of prosperity the percentage of divorces increases, and this tendency is apparent throughout all civilized nations. The more prosperous and progressive the people, the larger the number of divorces.

Another significant fact is the general increase in divorce throughout the civilized world. It is quite clear, therefore, that the old standards of domestic and social life are undergoing a radical change. The old ideas of marriage no longer prevail in the minds of a vast number of people. Many can remember when divorce in the United States was rare, and confined largely to the idle rich, and when the re-marriage of a divorced person was considered an outrage on society little less heinous than a legalization of prostitution. We do not need to go outside of our own country to find instances of people more or less prominent who have been ostracized for that reason and that alone. The churches have not changed their attitude on the subject. The Anglican Church refuses to re-marry a divorced person. Other churches require a certain period to elapse before they will sanction a re-marriage. All of them deplore the prevalence of divorce, and pronounce it a serious evil and a menace to society. They ignore the fact that divorce is a symptom, not a disease, and when they denounce divorce they condemn the remedy instead of diagnosing the evil. They might as well censure a doctor who amputates a mortifying limb, and describe the operation as wanton butchery.

THE SERVANT PROBLEM HELPS ALONG DIVORCE

Nobody regards divorce as something desirable in itself. It is a misfortune to the unhappy people who are directly affected by it and a menace to time-honored institutions. Is divorce then, an unqualified evil? Why should the most important step in life, the step which leads to the most serious and far-reaching consequences, be irrevocable?

As a rule men and women marry before they have had much experience of life, without much knowledge of what matrimony means and when they have no conception of anything beyond the material and external relations into which they are entering. A couple thus united may soon awake from love's young dream to find that they have been mis-mated. The man discovers that his beloved is entirely incapable of being a working partner. She knows nothing of the business of house-keeping and cannot even engage a good servant, or discharge an incompetent one. The wife discovers that, far from being the heaven of bliss she had imagined it, matrimony is a difficult trade, the most exacting in which a woman can engage, and the only one in which, as yet, a woman gives fixed labor without fixed return. Love may turn to indifference and finally to mutual aversion, the home may become a torture house, yet they are expected to live on, chained together for life. Is it desirable in the interest of either party that such relations should continue? If the y

have children, is it in the interest of the helpless little ones or of the community that they should be brought up in such an atmosphere ?

To such questions those who condemn divorce advise the parents, if they cannot agree, to separate, making such disposition of the children as they may deem advisable. What does that lead to ? We all know the unenviable position of the grass widow—the unhappy victim of every evil-minded gossip in the community. Though "chaste as ice and pure as snow," she cannot escape calumny and more or less social ostracism. In the case of the divorced man such a separation is likely to lead to greater evils. In either case, is it in the interest of the parties themselves, of their children, or of the public that they should be denied divorce *a vinculo*, with the right to re-marry ? That is a question on which there is great diversity of opinion, but there is a growing tendency to regard complete divorce as less injurious to everybody concerned than a judicial separation.

In some States of the neighboring union, as in Canada, divorce is allowed for one cause only—adultery, the object being, of course, to restrict the evil; but many thoughtful people in both countries are doubtful as to the wisdom of such a restriction. It does not prevent a steady increase in the number of applications, and it probably leads to adultery, since that offence is the only one which will ensure a severance of the marriage tie. It is a mistake to suppose that violation of the marriage vow is the principal ground on which divorce is sought, except where no other ground is recognized. Two-thirds of the applications in the United States are based on charges of cruelty and desertion. Adultery ranks third, then come drunkenness and neglect to provide. It is clear, therefore, that the prevalence of divorce is due to other causes than increasing sexual immorality. What are the other causes ?

First, there is a weakening of the religious sanction; the growth of divorce has kept pace with the diminishing influence of the Churches. So long as marriage was recognized as a sacrament of the Church which constituted a union only dissoluble by the death of one of the wedded couple, divorce was only thought of in the most desperate cases. Domestic martyrdoms were as numerous then as they are now, but the martyrs either suffered in silence or sought relief in a judicial separation.

WHEN THE HUSBAND GROWS DISCONTENTED

Second, there is the increased and increasing economic independnce of women. Modern inventions have wrought a revolution in many fields, but especially in the vocations of women. On the industrial side home making has ceased to be the art it was in the days of our mothers, and the energies of women have been diverted from domestic economy to occupations outside of the home. Vast numbers of women have thus been drawn away from the old sphere of womanly activity. It has given them economic independence. The chief function of the sex, however, is, as it always has been, home-making and for successful home-making modern life tends in some measure to unfit them. But nothing can eradicate the natural instinct of the sex, and girls trained in the shop, the factory, the office, the school and other fields of labor outside of the home lightly assume the serious responsibilities of matrimony without the slightest idea of the duties they are called upon to discharge. Is it strange, therefore, if, after a brief experience of wedded life the husband, lacking comfort in the

home, grows discontented and seeks companionship elsewhere, while the wife pines for the economic independence and personal freedom of her former life? Where there is mutual aversion between man and wife, legal cause for divorce can easily be found, and the courts set the mismated couple free.

Third, there has been a remarkable increase in the wealth of the nation, and diffusion of comfort among the masses. The old-fashioned virtues of thrift, self-sacrifice and industry are practiced by the few; the many are thriftless, extravagant and selfish, and selfishness corrodes domestic life, and banishes happiness. With increasing wealth childless unions are becoming more common. Fashionable people cannot be bothered with children; poor people do not care to make the sacrifices which raising a family entails, and the childless home is the commonest breeding ground of divorce. Parental love often holds an ill-mated couple together; where parental love has never been developed, the tendency is to separation.

SHOULD A MAN DRINK BAD COFFEE FOR 50 YEARS?

Fourth, popular education has, until recently, tended to unfit women for domestic life. No doubt some married women can utilize algebra, geometry, astronomy, and similar branches of education in their journeythrough life, but for one such woman there are thousands who would profit more by a course in domestic science or nursing. Happily the mistaken ideas of education which have prevailed in the past are giving way to more sensible views, and there is a tendency to recognize the fact that a girl's natural vocation, for which her education should fit her, is wifehood and maternity.

Fifth. Divorce is increasing in the United States because the facilities for procuring divorce are numerous. There are nearly three thousand divorce courts in the republic compared with twenty-eight in Germany, seventy-nine in France and one in England. With facilities for procuring divorce in every large community it is but natural that divorce should increase. It is safe to assert that if divorce courts were established in all the cities of Canada, they would be crowded with applicants for relief who are unheard of to-day simply because divorce is beyond their reach. The difficulty of procuring divorce in Canada, therefore, may conceal widespread domestic misery which is only endured in silence because there is no available way of relief.

The increase of divorce indicates a profound change in the relations of the sexes, a change which may lead to something better and more enduring than the old fashioned contract which made the husband master of the household and the wife an unpaid subordinate. More and more are women asserting their right to equality with men everywhere. More and more are they demanding that marriage shall be an equal partnership which may be dissolved should either of the wedded pair encroach upon the rights of the other. People everywhere are beginning to doubt that God has joined together mismated couples, or decreed that such unions should be indissoluble. The main object of matrimony is, or should be, to promote the happiness of the contracting parties. If it fails in this first essential, it is little better than legalized concubinage, and the spread of this view of the question may account for the rapid increase of divorce throughout the civilized world.

That marriage is a solemn civil contract they are free to admit, but that the mere reading of the service by a clergyman gives it the character of a

sacrament, or invests it with a degree of sacredness that does not inhere in any other contract, is everywhere disputed by increasing numbers in every civilized land. With the spread of education and declining influence of the churches, people are less inclined to endure wrongs with patience or suffer injustice in silence.

They demand as their natural right happiness, or, at least, freedom from misery in the home. The same spirit of unrest and discontent which inspires the movement to banish poverty and redress social injustice animates those who protest against the perpetuation of a loveless marriage with all its attendant evils. They hold that the universal condemnation of enforced marriage should extend to enforced motherhood, that society is in a transition state and that the break-down of ancient customs and time-honored traditions regarding marriage and the family life is but incidental to a world-wide forward movement of humanity. The old-time patriarchal idea of man's supremacy and woman's inferiority lingers, but is slowly giving place to a higher conception of family life.

WHERE THE WIFE IS AN UNDERPAID SUBORDINATE

The serious nature of the divorce problem is recognized everywhere. The clergy and legislators of every civilized land have sought to solve it in the interest of the family and the state, but without success. Every attempt at repression has been followed by an increase of the evil they deplore. They have failed, say the women who advocate divorce, because they have not called to their councils the sex which is most deeply interested in finding a solution of the problem. They have failed because they have ignored the fact that divorce is largely the result of woman's increasing economic independence, and because they have never thought of giving her that independence when she pursues her natural vocation, home making. Everywhere outside of the home her individuality and her right to remuneration for her services are recognized; when she marries, she forfeits her economic independence and reverts to tribal conditions and the status of a vassal to her lord and master. This, no doubt, is an extreme view, but it is widely held by modern women, and may account for a good deal of the discontent which finds expression and relief in the divorce courts. But the main complaint—that in the making of laws and canons relating to divorce women have had no voice—is losing much of its force. In many countries women now enjoy the franchise on an equal footing with men, and can enforce their claims and give expression to their views on the subject of divorce as on all other subjects with which legislative bodies have to deal. If they can offer any remedy for the increasing evil of divorce they will deserve credit for their sagacity and justify their claim to political equality with men.

The Blueberry Blonde

By Frank R. Adams

Co-author of "The Time, The Place and The Girl," "A Stubborn Cinderella," etc.

Illustrated by Marjory Mason

I WAS fired from Johns Hopkins (that's a university, not a man) in the third year of my college career and the first semester of my medical work. How was I to know that Johns Hopkins did not encourage wholesale traffic in articulated skeletons? That is why I am not a physician. I will pass lightly over that part of my history as William deMorgan would not do if he were going to make a six hundred page novel out of my life and get down to where I arrived in Grand Rapids.

The reason why I came to Grand Rapids was because father felt that I was cut out for a commercial career but after the college incident he preferred that I start somewhere out of his sight. He wanted me to go to the far west but he had never heard of anything any farther west than Grand Rapids except Chicago and he didn't want to be too brutal. Father is an old school Boston physician and gives quinine for a cold and calomel for all other earthly ills. He was disappointed because I showed more skill at trading postage stamp collections for bull terriers than for amateur surgery and he took my exit from the medical world more to heart than I did.

Dad had a large practice but as he did not charge many of his patients anything because they were his friends or because they couldn't afford it. As the rest of them always owed him for a couple of years, we never were very wealthy and after I had spent nearly three years at school I imagine we were in debt. Anyway father hung it on me good and proper when he presented me with a railroad ticket and said that was all I was to expect from home for some time. I was awfully sorry about disappointing Dad but I guess those things don't worry a fellow as much when he is twenty as they do later, so I forgot most of my troubles before the train got past Buffalo.

She got on there. I didn't see her do it because we went through Buffalo at night but the next morning she and I had breakfast together in the dining car. We didn't start out to have it together but the car was crowded and the Simon Legree of the place led me up to one of those dinky tables for two and actually forced me to sit across from one of the noblest works of nature and the ladies' tailor that it has been my fortune to look upon. Young, little, cute, lively, slightly blonde, all those adjectives may be used in any description you make up for yourself.

How could I suspect that in reaching for a pencil in my vest pocket she would see the fraternity pin I wear over my

heart ? She spoke first,—honest, I'm almost sure of it.

It's funny how easy it is to get acquainted on a train; after you get started, that is. We were hours late getting into Grand Rapids but we never noticed it. She didn't speak epigrammatically and I think her brain was about one cylinder and only capable of three or four revolutions per day but I would rather listen to her line of talk than to Elbert Hubbard's. She had been fired from some girls' school and was going home to explain to her father why it was the fault of the principal. She said that was hard to do because she had tried it so often. When we arrived finally she got into an automobile that was waiting for her and drove away.

She had invited me to call but neglected to give me her name and address. I discovered this the next evening when I dressed to go out to see her. When I have evening clothes on I have to do something so I went to the theater which is just down the street from the Pantlind Hotel where I was stopping. The manager of the theater is a lady and for a while she refused to pass me in as a professional although I assured her that I had travelled with some of the biggest stars in this country. I have:— I was on a train once with Frank McIntyre, May Irwin and Macklyn Arbuckle. Finally I convinced her or else I overawed her with my dress suit. They call it a dress suit in Grand Rapids and only wear it for an evening wedding. I think it was on the strength of the white tie and the handkerchief in my cuff that she gave me a box right over the bass drum where I couldn't see anything that took place on the stage but where I had an elegant view of the property man in overalls creating a very realistic storm in the wings out of a bass drum and a can of dried peas.

Before the first act was over I knew that she was there in the box just behind me with a surly looking party whom I guessed right off the reel was going to play the irate father in my life story. After the act it seemed perfectly proper for me to pay my respects. I did.

She was baffled for a minute when it came to introducing me to his bearlets because I forgot to tell her who I was before we parted but it didn't stop her long because she said, "Father, I want you to meet Percy Bradshaw." Just like that—and my name is Bill Waite !

"So you are the young man who wants to marry my daughter, are you?" he enquired.

I hadn't got that far yet but I took a quick look at her and decided that I was willing if she was and I enunciated clearly, "Yes, sir."

Of course I didn't know it at the time but I gathered in the course of a few minutes that this Bradshaw person was in very Dutch with the Grand Rapids Capulets. Father refrained from saying that he was glad to meet me without any effort whatever and we carried on a very choppy conversation for a few minutes, during which I was unable to extract a single laugh from my part. Some of my stuff goes very well in Boston.

Just before the curtain went up on the next act father handed me his card and said," I want you to call at my office to-morrow morning and explain all about this affair at Greenfield."

The rest of the show didn't interest me in the least. I sat for two hours trying to think what I might have done at Greenfield, if I had ever heard of the place and how I could explain it if I had done it. Of course the easiest thing was to drop the whole matter and take an early morning train for anywhere. But that wouldn't have been quite fair to the girl who evidently trusted me to get her out of a scrape and besides I didn't have any money to spare.

Finally I decided to wait and see if the girl wouldn't give me some tip to help me out. Then I began to worry and wonder if I had said at any time in my conversation with them that I was stopping at the Pantlind. She couldn't write me a note unless she knew where I lived. Finally I tore a page out of my programme that contained an advertisement for the hotel, wrote the number of my room on it and dropped it accidentally into their box, praying she would see it.

She did. But what is the use of expecting a girl to have sense! When I got up the next morning I got a special delivery note from her.

"Dear One Hundred and Eleven:

Thanks awfully for not letting papa know that you are not Percy Bradshaw. If you could know Percy you would feel terribly flattered to have me introduce you by his name. I was very much interested in him up to a day or so ago. Didn't we have a delightful time on the train together? I adore lobster pâtes and we were not allowed to eat them at school. Did you enjoy the play? I saw it in New York with a better cast, but the leading man was a dear wasn't he? Come and see me soon.

PICKLES PERKINS.

No.——Terrace Av."

Can you beat it? Not a word about what I was to tell papa. I don't suppose she had paid any attention to what he had said. But you couldn't be sore at her long especially if you remembered how she looked with some kind of a bluish pinky thing on her shoulders and another kind of a spangly business in her hair. When the Lord got through making "Pickles" beautiful I guess he thought he had done about enough for any one person so he quit before he put the brains in.

When I got through swearing I went to breakfast. Before I started out I asked the hotel clerk who Daniel Perkins was.

"Perkins!" he replied with astonishment. "Where do you come from not to know Perkins?"

I replied modestly that I did not read the papers much and if Perkins was a headliner I had overlooked him. "Is he prominent in corrupt politics or is he a baseball player or an aviator?"

"Quit your kidding. He's the Pie King, makes most of the custom tailored pies that are eaten in the middle west. His shop turns out over 10,000 pies daily. They're shipped all over the country and they even export a sort of canned variety to Alaska and the Philippines called 'Perkins' Petrified Pies'. Next time you are in the dining room ask for a piece of blueberry pie. That's his specialty."

I thanked him and took a car over to Perkins' office. It was in a swell building and was very imposing. They make furniture in Grand Rapids and Perkins had picked out the best things they had turned out in fifty years and had them placed around carelessly. He was waiting for me because he hardly kept me in the outer office a minute.

I'll bet you Old Gorgon Graham, the self made merchant, was cut off the same pattern as Perkins. I liked him better at his desk than I did at the theater and I hated to deceive him. It was going to be hard to do, too, unless I misjudged the steady gaze of his grey eyes. His jaw was too heavy and his feet were too big for him to ever be much of a cotillion leader but I'll bet he would have been a knockout of a half back. As I came in he wheeled around in his swivel chair without tilting back in it as my father would have done.

"Have a chair, Mr. Bradshaw?" He indicated a seat which I noticed faced the window, which was at his back.

After I sat down we spent several uncomfortable minutes looking each other over. Then he smiled.

"You aren't half bad. I'm so used to having my daughter fall in love with half baked puppies that I was prejudiced against you."

"I'm sure I thank you."

"Now tell me about the marriage."

I must have jumped when he said that,—something happened,—maybe my heart stopped beating. I was supposed to be married to her and I didn't even know when, or where, or what!

I had to start somewhere so I said, "Well, you see, sir, I have loved 'Pickles' a long time."

"What has your liking for pickles or preserves got to do with my daughter's running away from school to attend the wedding of her chum?"

A rescue! I was saved just in time. We had been attending the wedding of someone else. I guessed the rest. I had been the best man and she was the maid of honor, we had fallen in love with one another,—they always do. The name of Greenfield stuck in

my memory. I described it at length which was easy because neither Perkins or I had ever been there. When I got through explaining I hadn't said much but I had used up a lot of his time and I could see that he was anxious to do some talking himself so I turned him on by formally asking him for the hand of his daughter.

"What are your prospects?" he demanded.

"They're pretty good if you accept me. Otherwise they don't amount to much."

He looked me over for a place to kick for being so fresh and then decided that he ought not to waste an audience for a lecture. Did you ever notice how older men pick on us fellows just out of college and make us listen to editorials?

"Listen, Bradshaw," he began, "I am wasting a lot of valuable time on you because you will never marry my daughter. For two reasons. One of them is that in two weeks she will have forgotten all about you. Ten days is the limit with her. If I can keep her from eloping with the chauffeur I will be doing all that I can reasonably hope. The other reason is because you haven't any money or any chance that I can see of getting any. If you had a bank account and a business of your own you might have a chance but now you are an impossibility,—you don't exist."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Perkins. You're deciding against me before I start. I haven't made my fortune yet, but I am going to."

"That's easier to do in a play than it is in real life, son. How are you going to set about it? If you want a job I'll start you in as a clerk in my office."

"How much do your clerks get?"

"From ten to twenty-five a week."

"Are any of them wealthy yet?"

"No."

"Thank you Then I won't accept your offer. How much money do you insist on my having before you will agree to let me have your daughter, that is of course if she consents?"

"How much? I'll let you off at $20,000. I might just as well say $200,000 because by the time you get twenty you will be an old man. Fortunes aren't made in a minute nowadays."

I might have told him that his last remark was old stuff. I'll bet Benjamin Franklin used it in Poor Richard's Almanac. But look at the Saturday Evening Post now.

Before I left the office he gave me a note to the foreman of his pie factory which was located on the outskirts of town, so that I could go through the works and see how it was done. The old boy seemed to take a genuine pride in his business and showed me the first pie he ever made. He kept it in a glass case in the drawer of his desk. He told me that there used to be a piece of cheese that went with the pie to complete the picture but that some one had thrown it away after the first year. I think he liked me because he introduced me to the mayor of the city who came in on some official business. The only objection I had to this was that the more people I met as Percy Bradshaw the harder it would be to resume my maiden name of Bill Waite. However I was in for it and the best I could do was to hope that the real Percy Bradshaw would not arrive and claim his name. Also what would happen if I should marry "Pickles" as Bradshaw,—would it be bigamy or treason?

I went over to the hotel and devoted two hours to thought. I wanted to marry the queen of the avenue and I also wanted to make my fortune. It looked as if the two objects involved each other pretty closely. Ordinary methods of acquiring $20,000 seemed to presuppose about thirty years of unremitting toil either before or after I got it and I did not flatter myself that "Pickles" would wait that long. I finally hit upon a scheme that had a fair chance of success and I started out to operate it. The first move was to go to another hotel and register as Percy Bradshaw. After that I went out to the pie foundry and made friends with the foreman. He was a German by the name of Rickenseckersburger which I claim is excuse enough for the high protective tariff. He was a nice sort of a party at that with a frightened pompadour and eyebrows to match that made him look as if he was being

held up from above by his ears. Every man in the shop including Emperor Wilhelm's representative had flour on the end of his nose, which seemed to be the union badge, and they all swore by Perkins. I hope, if I ever have a big factory all my own, that my men will feel towards me the way they did towards him. My note from the boss seemed to be all the authority they needed to give me all the pie I could eat.

"Try some of dose apfel pies," suggested Rickenseckersburger, introducing me to a table containing about eight hundred of them. "Apfel pies is like bread,—they iss goot all the year round. Custards iss shaky." He said that as if he meant it as a joke but I gave him the benefit of the doubt and didn't smile. "The best thing iss however not as yet. Blueberries,—ach, come around when we start to make the blueberry pies in earnest about next week. Then iss it a double shift of bakers that we use working both night and daylight. Still we can't fill the orders sometimes."

I met the man who tastes all the pies to see if they are made correctly. He eats a part of one pie out of every one hundred and if there is anything wrong the man who made them has to eat the entire batch. It doesn't sound reasonable but that is what he said.

I saw the place where they make the crust. Did you know that in these big pie manufacturing plants they use vaseline instead of butter for shortening ? It is so and I dare you to try it sometime. In the crust department there were ten men who did nothing but punch initials in the pies so that you could tell what kind they were. The ovens were too hot to interest me much and I hurried through into the shipping rooms where they pack them in wooden cases with a shelf for each pie.

After I had seen all that there was to see I got the exhibit from the fatherland started on the subject of blueberry pies again. It seems they raise the best blueberries in the world in that particular part of Michigan and Perkins buys up nearly the entire crop annually, tons and tons, and carloads and carloads of them.

It was late in the afternoon when I left the factory and I hurried out to see Pickles. She was entertaining a pinhead from a military school when I arrived and I think she was relieved to see a live one approaching. I asked her to take a ride with me in her automobile and we offered to take the other man home on our way.

"I'll go," said "Pickles", "if you'll wipe the flour off from the end of your nose."

That shows how much they thought of me at the factory. They had decorated me with their badge of honor.

While we were out riding I told her about my interview with her dad and she seemed to think that $20,000 was a cinch to get.

"Will you marry me if I get it?" I demanded.

"I can't say about that but I'll be engaged to you anyway. I've never been married yet but I've been engaged lots of times so I know what that is like."

"How about this Bradshaw ?"

"Oh, I was engaged to him last week,' she replied absently, "I must write and tell him that is off before he comes on from the east to marry me."

I didn't know whether I stood very ace with her or not but while I didn't think there was much doing under her bonnet, still she was so easy to look at that I made up my mind to win out. It was not going to be a cinch because I could see that all the guys she spoke to wore the right kind of hats and neckties and most of them stood still in their tracks as we passed and watched her until we were out of sight.

The next day I traded my watch for $24.00 and an Ingersoll. This was not as easy to do as it sounds because the Grand Rapids pawnbrokers are a very tight lot and the horror of dying rich has not scared any of them yet. I always thought it was a pretty good watch until I tried to sell it in Michigan. With this money I had a number of elegant documents printed in blue ink on bank-note paper that certainly looked as if they were worth whatever you had to pay for them.

The paper was an option for ten days on a blank quantity of blueberries

given to Percy Bradshaw, agent of the Perkins Pie Plant in consideration of the advanced price of one-half a cent per quart to be paid on the delivery of the berries at the factory of the company.

You get the idea don't you ? If you don't filter right away I'll explain that while Perkins' company was called "The Perkins Pie Concern," my options read "The Perkins Pie Plant." Of course if any one signing the option thought he was dealing direct with old man Perkins I expected to be too busy to explain his error.

I managed to strengthen the impression of being something with "The Perkins Pie Concern" by riding as often as possible in the old man's machine at the side of "Pickles." This I found was the easiest part of my labor.

The biggest grower of blueberries in Michigan was a wealthy farmer named Henry Floss who lived about ten miles north of the Rapids. He had a reputation for being a very keen man on a bargain as well as a shrewd business man all around. I was a little afraid to approach him but I knew that if I once got his name on paper the smaller fry would hop into my net if I only held it open. I allowed "Pickles" to help me get next to Mr. Floss. She didn't know that she did but I have to admit that without her aid the entire plot would have been a cold pancake. The way I let her in on the scheme was to open the pet-cock that lets the gasoline out of the tank of the automobile just before we struck Floss'es place. We stopped within one hundred yards of the front door with a discouraging "Plop-plop."

"What is the matter?" asked "Pickles".

"I don't know." That is the proper answer for me every time when an automobile says, "Plop-plop".

"The best way to find out," suggested the lady, "is to lie flat on your back under the car and hit it with a wrench until some oil drops in your eye."

"I know that is the approved method but it spells ruin for this suit and I will show you something easier." Displaying a surprising knowledge of the contraption's insides, I opened the gasoline tank. "Why it's empty," I exclaimed with just as much surprise as I could muster.

"How funny. They always fill it at the garage."

"Maybe they forgot it just this time," I suggested. "Probably we can get some at this farm house. Let's go up and ask."

She didn't want to go with me at first but I explained that she looked so pretty that no one could refuse her a gallon of gasoline even if they didn't have it, so she dismounted and we hunted up the representative of the nation's backbone who was mending harness in a shed at the rear of the house. I don't know how a man as big as Henry Floss ever came to be a farmer. When he took to the soil it was a great loss to the piano moving profession. He would have been a lot taller if he had ever stood up straight but I guess he had spent so much time stooping under doorways that he decided to stay down and save trouble. Anyway when I introduced myself to him and he stood up I felt as if he were going to pat me on the head. He threw away a cigarette,—great sight to see a seven foot farmer in overalls smoking a dinky cigarette,—and came forward to meet "Pickles".

"Miss Perkins," I said, "this is Mr. Floss."

"How do you do," said he. Then to me, "How did you know my name ?"

This was the opening I was laying for. "I thought everybody in this part of the state knew Hank Floss," I explained. "Besides, Miss Perkins' father, the pie manufacturer you know, has often spoken of you." I successfully conveyed the impression that Mr. Perkins and I were in the habit of taking lunch together frequently to discuss the policy of the firm.

Floss had some gasoline and we went up to the house where it was concealed and while he and I carried it out to the car we left "Pickles" in charge of Mrs. Floss whose eye lighted distinctly when she knew that she was entertaining the daughter of the Pie King.

"Nice blueberries," I remarked casually as we passed some bushes flanking the fence.

"TRY SOME OF DOSE APFEL PIES," SUGGESTED RICKENSECKERSBURGER. APFEL PIES ISS LIKE BREAD, GOOT ALL DER YEAR ROUND. CUSTARDS ISS SHAKY"

"Pretty fair, pretty fair,—but blueberries are going to be scarce this year, terrible scarce,—dry weather you know, very dry." Floss had a habit of repeating whatever he said at least once and in the case of anything pessimistic he would devote even more time to iteration.

"You seem to have plenty."

"Yes, I guess mine are all right but most of the farmers around here are not as lucky as I am,—not nearly as lucky."

I shut the gasoline outlet while he poured in the supply.

"You sell all your blueberries to Perkins, don't you?"

Yes

"Ever have any desire to find another market?"

"Not as long as Perkins treats me as fair as he has in the past. He has always treated me very fair."

"Of course you have heard, Mr. Floss, of the new pie company they're starting in Grand Rapids," I ventured casually.

"Can't say that I have. Haven't heard a thing about it."

"They're going to try to put Perkins out of business."

"Not much chance of that,—very little chance of success."

"Maybe not, but you never can tell. We are very anxious to make sure of the blueberry crop this year anyway." I'm not positive myself who I meant by "we" but Floss interpreted it as Perkins so I let it go at that.

"Mr. Perkins needn't worry about my blueberries, not mine. He can have 'em any time he wants 'em, any time."

"Good. I know he'll be glad to hear that. In a way it is rather fortunate I stopped in here to-day. As it happens I have a copy of an option which I wish you would sign. It is on your blueberry crop. Of course I understand that we would get the blueberries anyway but since the rival concern is in the field it is just as well to make sure." Here I took a nice blue option out of my pocket. "As you can see this option allows you one-half a cent more on each quart of blueberries than we are accustomed to pay. This is in consideration of your sticking to us because we want our friends to share our prosperity with us and to feel a stockholder's interest in the greatest pie company on the face of the globe." It's hard to work up a ballyhoo spiel about a blueberry pie but I did pretty well, considering and at the finish I whipped out my fountain pen and held it and the option out to him.

Floss took the paper and looked it over. I could see that he was a little shy at signing anything but the fact that I was travelling in old man Perkins' own automobile with the old man's only daughter made my offer seem genuine and besides that extra half a cent sort of blinded him as I had hoped it would, so before I cranked up the car I had the option safely tucked in my pocket.

"Pickles" heard the engine start and came out. She kissed Mrs. Floss goodbye and I knew that settled it. If she kissed me I would give her every blueberry pie I ever saw. "Pickles" is one of those people who go around winning hearts. She doesn't care particularly about doing it and sometimes it annoys her dreadfully to have so many people love her. I sometimes think it is a bad idea because it gives her too broad a field to choose her friends and husband from. Not of course that I lack confidence in myself but——

Corralling the rest of the blueberry options was a long but not particularly difficult job. When the other farmers saw the signature of Hank Floss on one of the documents they gobbled up the bait of the extra half-cent at once. One or two of them who were inclined to be cautious I invited to call up Floss and get his advice. After they did so each one signed immediately. It was that kiss from "Pickles" that did it. I travelled over all that part of the state which was within quick shipping distance of Grand Rapids and if a blueberry got away from me it was hiding where no one could find it.

I was so very busy with blueberries that I'm afraid I neglected "Pickles" a trifle. However that did not seem to worry her any because when I managed to show up at her house late in the

evening I always found a cadet choir on her front porch yapping college songs and making themselves otherwise objectionable. One evening there was a new entry. There were about two other fussers on the porch when I arrived and they were both trying to entertain her father. They didn't do it. This other chap seemed to have "Pickles" all to himself and she was so busy that she was startled when I said "Good evening".

"Why how do you do?" said she, starting to make room for me beside her on the step and then changing her mind. I waited for her to introduce me to the stranger.

"This is Mr. Waite," explained "Pickles". "Mr. Waite, I want you to meet Mr. Bradshaw. You ought to know one another."

She certainly pulled the handle and let me through the trap. I had told her my real name but I didn't expect her to use it, especially before her father.

The stranger took my hand. "Do you happen to be Percy Bradshaw, Amherst '11?"

Then I got wise. He was Bradshaw and she had slipped him my name in her innocent effort to avoid confusion.

"Yes, I'm Percy Bradshaw," I replied, taking a firm grip on my cerebellum to keep it from looping the loop. "Can it be that you are Bill Waite, Johns Hopkins '12?"

"You're on." He smiled and I knew that "Pickles" had told him the whole story about me.

"Do you two gentlemen know each other?" asked her father who had been listening.

"Not exactly know," I said, "but I've heard a great deal about Mr. Waite."

"And I know a lot about Mr. Bradshaw," said Bradshaw.

"Mr. Waite came on from the east to go into business here." "Pickles" threw this information out for my benefit.

Later I got "Pickles" alone. "Now tell me what it is all about," I demanded.

"Why, there isn't anything to tell," she pouted, "I forgot to write him that our engagement was off and after he came all that distance I couldn't tell him, could I? And I couldn't introduce him to father as Percy Bradshaw, could I? If I had where would you be?"

I admitted that she was right.

"I thought it would be nice to introduce him by your name because you weren't using it and it would save me a lot of trouble not to have to make up a new one. He, the real Mr. Bradshaw, thinks you are a nice chap but a little feeble minded."

"What makes him think that?"

"Why, I told him. I had to tell him that or he'd be jealous. You don't mind, do you? I also told him you were engaged to the girl that lives next door. She doesn't know about it yet, but I'll tell her the first thing in the morning."

I had to admit that as a fixer, "Pickles" had it on any dramatist I ever heard of.

"It's only for a little while," coaxed "Pickles". "Let him have your old name. You've got his, you know."

"I think there is going to be trouble," was all that I could say.

"You leave it to me. I'll take care of everything."

I thought that "Pickles" had been taking care of too much as it was, but I didn't care to say so just then.

I used to meet Bradshaw at her house about every evening after that. "Pickles" hypnotized the girl next door into coming over and playing Juliet to my Romeo when her father wasn't around. I lived in a combination fear that "Pickles'" father would catch me making love to Genevieve—that was her name—and remove my scalp for being false to "Pickles", or that Genevieve's dad would boil me in oil for trifling with his daughter's affections. It was heavy going, too, with Genevieve because it was a safe bet that any girl that "Pickles" could pick out for an understudy would be a trifle lumpy as to looks. "Pickles" knew her own charm but she took no foolish chances. It is impossible to be mad about a girl by the name of Genevieve anyway.

Bradshaw and I used to wait for each other to go home and then I'd take him to his hotel and he'd take me to mine and kill time with each other until it

was too late for either to sneak back and see "Pickles" alone. In this way we came to know a good deal about one another. I wasn't crazy about him but if I had met him at a stag party I suppose I would have liked him.

About this time the blueberry crop was due and I waited in some doubt as to whether I had better run for my life while there was yet time or bark so loud that I'd scare Perkins to death.

Eight carloads arrived the first day. I got the bills of lading which were addressed to my lock-box at the post-office and went over to see Mr. Perkins.

He welcomed me cordially but hastily. "Tell me what I can do for you, young man, and let me return to my work. The blueberries are due to-day and I'm busy signing contracts with dealers for the output of our factory."

"That's what I came to see you about," said I.

"Do you want to buy some Perkins' blueberry pies ?"

"No, I want to sell you some blueberries."

"Good. Where are they ?"

"On the track."

"How many ?"

"Eight carloads."

"Whew ! You're a plunger. I'll take them all at a cent a quart."

"No."

"Why not?" he exclaimed.

"Because, Mr. Perkins, my blueberries are worth a cent and a half a quart."

"Never pay more than a cent a quart. Better take it because in a couple of days they'll spoil and they won't be worth half a cent a quart. There isn't any market for them outside of the Perkins Pie Concern."

"My blueberries will be worth two cents and a half in two days," I replied, looking right back at him. "The price of Bradshaw blueberries goes up half a cent a day."

Perkins laughed until he nearly cried and patted me on the shoulder. "I'm sorry for you, my boy, but business is business. Come around later when you discover what you are up against and I will still buy your blueberries at the market price."

Of course that was what I expected. He didn't realize that I had the entire crop tied up and my proposition must have sounded like a joke. I don't know exactly what happened at Perkins' office that day after I left because I kept carefully away but I can guess that the telephone was busy calling up the nearby farmers to rush in their berries.

I spent my time mortgaging my cars of blueberries for enough money to rent several empty warehouses to keep them in. Other cars arrived during the afternoon and a lot more in the morning. It seemed to be raining blueberries and when I saw what an awful lot of them there really was I nearly threw up my hands. About noon of the second day one of the men from Perkins' office hunted me up and offered to buy my stock at a cent. I laughed at him, not very loudly because my stomach didn't feel very solid, but it was a laugh of some sort anyway. I laughed a little more convincingly when he offered me a cent and a quarter.

"You tell Mr. Perkins," I said, "that the Bradshaw blueberries will cost him two cents a quart to-day and to-morrow they will be two and a half cents."

The clerk looked at me pityingly and went away. Nevertheless I was encouraged. They must have been having a lot of trouble at the office or Perkins never would have offered that extra quarter of a cent. As a matter of fact if he had taken my options at my original price of a cent and a half I would have lost money because I had to pay that much myself plus the cost of handling them, but I had figured that he would turn down my first price and would wait long enough until my price advanced to where there would be a considerable profit to me.

Another little difficulty that confronted me was the fact that the farmers who had shipped their crops were waiting in town for their pay. I explained to them very carefully that my option specified payment on delivery to the factory and as they were at the warehouses and not at the factory the money was not legally due. It was not very good but it held them off twenty-four

"WHY, THERE ISN'T ANYTHING TO TELL," SHE POUTED "I FORGOT TO WRITE HIM THAT OUR ENGAGEMENT WAS OFF, AND AFTER HE CAME ALL THAT DISTANCE TO MARRY ME, I COULDN'T TELL HIM, COULD I?"

hours although I kept hearing mutterings that sounded the way the mob does off stage in "Julius Caesar."

The next morning I turned down another offer from Perkins and advanced the price to two and one half cents. Blueberries closed at the same figure that evening with no takers and more carloads kept coming in and the mob of creditors waiting outside my door now made a very respectable sized bodyguard although I don't believe they would have protected me from anything, judging by the occasional yells of "Bradshaw" that floated up to my window. That night I slept in one of the warehouses because whenever I tried to get out they chased me back in.

About ten o'clock the next day a messenger from Perkins found me with a note: "Come to my office at once. PERKINS."

I managed to get out the back way without the gang seeing me. I wondered if Perkins was going to have me arrested or pay my price.

I found him walking the floor with his coat off. The office rug was all rumpled where he had kicked it aside and his waste basket was overflowing with telegrams and orders for pies. I would have given a carload of blueberries right then if my father had been along.

"Well," he said turning to me, "tell me where my daughter is."

That sounded like a foolish remark to make to a man who has called to sell a few million blueberries but I answered, "I cannot tell you, sir." That happened to be the truth because I hadn't seen "Pickles" for two days.

"Tell me one thing," he demanded, "are you married yet ?"

"No, we are not." I was quite positive on this point.

"Thank God," he ejaculated. "There is time then to prevent a scandal. I don't object to you, my boy, but I would prefer to have you marry her in a church in the presence of her family. Her mother is dead and I suppose I take this thing to heart more on that account. She has written me all. I just got this note from her." He shoved a piece of paper at me.

I read it. "Dear Pops:—By the time you get this I will be Mrs. Percy Bradshaw. Please give us your blessing. PICKLES."

I saw what had happened in a minute. She had used Bradshaw's real name in the excitement, forgetting that her father knew him only as Bill Waite. My heart turned to a chunk of frozen solder. What did I care for all the blueberries in the world ?

"Come, my boy," said paterfamilias, almost cheerful once more, "we can arrange this matter together. Promise me you won't marry my daughter until I can make the arrangements."

I thought I might as well promise not to marry her,—I couldn't anyway, so I said, "I promise, on one condition."

"What's that ?"

"That you buy my blueberries at three cents a quart."

That was a poser. He thought a long time. Then I guess he figured it out that it would all be in the family anyhow and he had to have the blueberries so he said, "How much will it amount to ?"

I named the figure. It was more money than I had ever heard of before outside of novels but he turned to his desk and got out a check book.

"Make the check to William Waite," I managed to say weakly. "He really has as much interest in this as I have." Once more I told the unvarnished truth.

While Perkins was signing the check, there was a commotion in the outer office and after he had handed me the paper we heard someone crying and calling "Pops," in a distressed voice.

Perkins got up to go to the door just as "Pickles", all tears, rushed in.

"Oh, Pops, they'll kill him." She threw herself into his arms.

"Kill who ?"

"Mr. Bradshaw !"

"Impossible. There's Mr. Bradshaw." Perkins pointed at me.

"That isn't Mr. Bradshaw,—that's Bill Waite."

Perkins coughed hastily and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. "Then who are you married to ?"

"Nobody, Pops, and I'm never going to be now. I'm just going to be your little girl for ever and ever."

"Where is Bradshaw ?" I contributed this remark because the groom appeared to be lost in the shuffle and at the last accounts was reported being killed.

"We were eloping to Muskegon in the auto," said "Pickles" painfully, "and something went wrong with the car in front of a lot of old buildings down by the river. There was a crowd of men around and they struck him."

"Did you happen to call him Bradshaw," I asked, a glimmer of the truth flashing over me.

"I suppose I did."

Bradshaw was getting what was coming to me. Served him right for trying to rob an old man of his only daughter.

"Then I ran away just as fast as I

could," said "Pickles," "and I came to you, Pops. Getting married is a lot of trouble and I'm glad it didn't happen."

And that was all that did happen. After I had settled with the farmers I had a profit of $27,000 to my credit. Perkins was so tickled at the way things turned out that he foolishly offered me the job of buyer for the Perkins' Pie Concern and I accepted before he could take back what he said. When "Pickles" really does get ready to marry I'm going to lasso her and pick out a husband for her. She doesn't know it but his name is going to be Bill Waite.

THE MAGIC APPLE

BY THOMAS A. DALY

"A THING of beauty is a joy forever."
Though years becloud it, never may they sever
Its lovely essence utterly from earth;
Never a joy was born but hath rebirth.
There was a sunset lost, long, long ago,
An autumn sunset seen through orchard boughs.
A boy's eye brightening in the amber glow
Gave to his mind no more of it to house
For the delight of manhood's pensive days
Than the bare memory of time and place;
So nigh forgot, it seemed
As something he had dreamed.
Yet now the man before whose boyish ken
The glory melted on the evening breeze
Knows it lived on, for he hath found again
His long-lost sunset of the orchard trees.

A penny tribute to a swarthy vendor
Hath filled for me this city street with splendor.
A meagre apple! yet its crushed pulp drips
A long-forgotten savor on my lips,
A rare, faint essence tasted once before,
But only once; and suddenly I find
The honeyed gush hath loosed a long-locked door
And all the olden splendor floods my mind.
A care-free lad I stand,
An apple in my hand,
And watch the amber glory grow and wane.
I feel upon my cheek the evening breeze.
Joy lives forever! I have found again
My long-lost sunset of the orchard trees!

AT THE SIDE OF THE GRAVE SAT OLD BULL HEAD'S WIDOW AND HIS ANCIENT SISTER, MOURNING THE PASSING OF THEIR CHIEF

Honor Be To Mudjekeewis

By Norman S. Rankin

Author of "The Tropical Tramp," "The Pioneer," "The Boss of The Bar U," Etc.

Illustrated from photographs by W. J. Oliver

Lo! how all things fade and perish!
From the memory of the old men
Pass away the great traditions,
The achievements of the warriors,
The adventures of the hunters,
All the wisdom of the Medas,
All the craft of the Wabenos,
All the marvellous dreams and visions
Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets.
Great men die and are forgotten,
Wise men speak; their words of wisdom
Perish in the ears that hear them,
Do not reach the generations
That, as yet unborn, are waiting
In the great, mysterious darkness
Of the speechless days that shall be.
Hiawatha.

UPON a little mound in close proximity to a tiny, deserted shack, with rough boards nailed across its curtainless windows and its door tightly sealed, a tangled tatter of black rags fluttered mournfully in the evening breeze. An Indian death symbol, it wailed a grim paean of sorrow, and cried a silent message of courage to the spirit of a departed brave, hurrying timidly on its lone journey into the realms of Great Gushkewan beyond.

The spirit of Bull Head, the last great chief of the Sarcee Tribe, had flickered from his worn-out body the night before, and gathered to the arms of grim Pauguk, set forth on its long pilgrimage towards the happy hunting ground. Wrapped in a handsome blue uniform, adorned with brightly shining brass buttons, and followed to its last resting place by wailing women, big-eyed, wondering children and stoical braves, his withered corpse was solemnly laid to rest in the Indian Reserve, on

the outskirts of the city of Calgary His aged face, leathery and sunken, furrowed with countless wrinkles, was thickly streaked with red and yellow ochre in evidence of his courage and reputation during a warrior's life of fullest adventure, while his raven hair, coarse, matted, unbrushed and uncared for, fell heavily across his sunken shoulders. And in crowning glory, over the clumsy wooden sarcophagus, with the red, white and blue of the Union Jack standing forth clearly in acute contrast with the dull surroundings, was gracefully draped the Canadian Ensign.

The burial was a desolate affair. The day was sunless, lowering and cold, with a chill wind sweeping the Reserve. On an old rickety wagon drawn by two bedraggled cayuses, the body was slowly conveyed through the village, across Fish Creek—bridgeless and icy—to the foot of the hills, where it was lifted to the shoulders of the braves, and borne up the steep trail. The way was narrow and slippery with melting snow and ice and round stones, and frequent halts were necessary in order to rest the bearers. Narrower and narrower grew the trail, with the Indians eagerly grasping the bushes on either side, to steady and assist them. Not a word was spoken—not one single sign or outward evidence of grief or sorrow or emotion. All smoked; occasionally one grunted.

After strenuous efforts, the cortege reached a little level stretch overlooking the dead chieftain's former domain, where the casket was placed on the ground. Here women and children of the Reserve were gathered to pay a last tribute to the once powerful leader. They drew near, weeping. Preparations were then made to dig the grave, in accordance with tribal custom. The coffin was measured off with one of the ropes which had been used to carry it up the trail, and the size of the grave outlined with a shovel point, after which some of the Indians fell to work with pick and spade. The ground was hard and frosty, and by the time darkness fell, sufficient excavation had not been made to receive entirely the casket; it was, however, placed in the existing hollow, carefully covered over with branches, and boards and earth, until the morning, when the braves would return to finish the work.

During the digging of the grave,

THE "STORE COFFIN" CONTAINING THE LAST REMAINS OF THE SARCEE CHIEF WAS CARRIED TO ITS RESTING PLACE ON A CRAZY CART

Bull Head's squaw crouched by the body of her departed master, moaning in anguish. A decrepit old figure, weakened by infirmities and a century of years, she appeared a veritable witch of by-gone days. Opposite, and apparently bowed down with a grief as bitter, Bull Head's ancient sister took up her position. Both evidently drew consolation from their pipes, which they smoked incessantly. A Blackfoot, the old squaw spoke a different dialect from the Sarcees, and many of them seemed to find difficulty in understanding her. According to the Indian Officials, this faithful old squaw's affectionate care and consideration kept the now defunct chief on his feet for a number of years past, and her reward now is poverty and desolation.

For thirty-four years Chief Bull Head ruled the Sarcee Indians with sagacity and intelligence. Filled with the cunning and lore of the red man, he upheld the dignity of the tribe on all occasions, representing them with honor and profit in all their tribal treaties and agreements with the pale-face government. And now that his spirit had flown to Gitche Manito, both Indian and government united to do him honor—the former, by attendance and assistance at his interment; the latter, by an absolute lack of interference with the semi-pagan burial. For the old chief was a pagan, though many of his subjects had become Christianized, and his funeral rights were pagan with the exception that the body was placed under the ground in place of above it or on poles as is the ancient custom. In the Blackfoot Reserve they still bury the Indians above ground.

As first man of his tribe, Bull Head had wanted for nothing. His position brought him attention and respect, and many material advantages and benefits not possessed by the ordinary tribal braves. For refusing to ally himself with the Louis Riel Rebellion, years before, he had won the warm friendship of the Canadian Government and the much coveted blue officer's uniform, with shining metal buttons—the envy of all - in which he had been laid to rest.

Now that he was no more, his faithful squaw would suffer in body as well as in spirit. From an exalted station as first lady of the land (reserve) she descends to the rank of a poverty-stricken old woman, almost friendless and alone. The spoils, comforts and homage which she shared with her departed chief, have passed on to her successor. No—not quite friendless, either—for the Government through its Indian officers will see that she does not want for the necessities of life. But who, after tasting the cake and wine of life, would be satisfied with bread and water ? Not I, or you, and not—you may be assured—this poor old squaw.

"Great Manito," said the interpreter, when I asked him about it, "she has had her day. Let her go." And so she went. Immediately after the burial of Bull Head, binding her beaded moccasins tightly on her weary feet, and wrapping her colored blanket about her withered shoulders, she set out to return to the home of her fathers, the Blackfeet, whose reserve lies some fifty miles to the eastward along the Bow River.

On a tanned steer hide in possession of the Reserve, and covered over with hieroglyphics and mystic characters, painted roughly with the aid of bright juices squeezed from wild plants, the history of the Sarcee Tribe is clearly set forth. The lives of half a dozen chiefs are interestingly told, particularly that of Chief Bull Head. It is daring, thrilling and venturesome in the extreme.

Although Bull Head is now in the arms of grim Pauguk, the Indians still fear him. None will go near his shack after dusk, as they believe that his *jeebi* (spirit) haunts the locality. Only his dog remained faithful to the spot, until hunger drove it afield.

One of Bull Head's last commands was that the Reserve was not to be sold. Once during his lifetime, he was approached regarding its sale, and, typical of the crafty Indian, replied through his interpreter that "he would consider the matter and reply in the morning." All night long, the braves under his command were busily engaged

WHO SAYS THIS IS A MODERN AGE? THE OFFER OF A QUARTER PRODUCED A BOW-AND-ARROW SHOOTING MATCH THAT MIGHT HAVE PIQUED ROBIN HOOD HIMSELF. THE DARK LITTLE HIAWATHAS SENT ARROW AFTER ARROW QUIVERING INTO THE CENTRE OF THEIR MARK

CHIEF BIG BELLY OF THE SARCEE TRIBE IS A WARRIOR OF RENOWN, AND WHEN HE IS AT HOME HE MAKES AN IMPRESSIVE PICTURE. THE DECORATIONS OF HIS TENT REPRESENT AN IMPORTANT DREAM HE HAD ONE NIGHT

THE OLD AND THE NEW MEET STRANGELY HERE ON THE SARCEE RESERVE. LIFE IN ALL ITS ESSENTIALS IS AS IT WAS TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO YET ONLY A FEW MILES AWAY LIES CALGARY AND A CIVILIZATION THAT HAS FAILED TO CHANGE THE RED MAN ONE IOTA

gathering stones and placing them in a great heap, and when morning broke a pile five feet high stood before his tepee door. When the land agent returned, the chief, pointing to the pile of stones, said; "Great and mighty is the race of palefaces, strong of arm, swift of foot, and cunning of brain; brothers we are to them, and love them dearly as such, but this land is our birthright, and it we love too. Hear now our decision. When there comes a paleface who can, in an armful, lift yonder pile of stones and place it even so much as one spear's length to the eastward or westward, the Sarcee will sell his birthright. Hough! We have spoken

Bull Head's record, interpreted from the official cowhide archive, tells of early bloody battles with the hostile Crees, the most disastrous of which occurred at Vermillion Creek, Battle River, in 1866. Over fifty Sarcees ambushed by the enemy were caught and scalped. The hieroglyphics show a Cree who has been shot by Bull Head, lying wounded on the ground. Bull Head's faithful squaw, ever vigilant, crawls cautiously out and drags him in for her lord and master's pleasure—to scalp.

A daring deed is outlined in another place, where in a later battle with the Crees, the chief deftly pulled a flying warrior off his horse, pinioned his arms, and quickly scalped him. Again, he is recorded as saving the life of his squaw when, in disastrous retreat from the vengeful enemy, she fell from a stumbling cayuse. The chief drew up his own mount, lifted her in his arms to his own horse, and together they escaped.

Four braves scalped and killed; two spears, five bows, two warclubs and five tomahawks captured—truly no mean record, one worthy of tale and song.

Although Bull Head's brother, Big Plume, yet lives, the mantle of power did not fall on his broad shoulders, but on that of "Big Belly", a warrior of influence and predominance amongst the Sarcees. We found him outside his tent one Sunday morning, sunning himself, and opened negotiations with the aid of a cigar and some coins. He though not speaking English—was able to understand this universal tongue, and a further transfer secured

THE WHITE MAN'S CALICO AND BOOTS MAY BE UTILIZED BY THE SARCEE SQUAW FOR ADORNMENT AND PROTECTION, BUT AT HEART SHE IS A BLANKET WOMAN STILL NOTICE THE ORNAMENTAL BRASS STUDDED BELT OF THE LITTLE GIRL

the various photographs here produced. His tepee, brightly painted in red with many gophers and gopher holes, represents an important dream he had one eventful night.

"But, Chief", I pointed out to him through his interpreter, "you have twice the number of holes that you have gophers. How's that ?"

"One to go in by, and one to come out by," he replied triumphantly.

I wondered if he had ever heard the story of the cat and the kitten, and the old maid who cut a big hole for the cat to use and a little one for the kitten, and how terribly disappointed she was when she found that the kitten wouldn't stick to the little hole at all, but kept going in by the big one behind the cat. However, I thought no good purpose could be gained by telling him of this, and so nodded wisely and passed him my tobacco pouch. It must be borne in mind that only chiefs and medicine men are allowed to decorate their tepees with records of their greatness.

Speaking of the painted steer hide—this unique record of the Sarcee chiefs made only two years ago, the "*Calgary Albertan*" says:

"The fact that all these heroes, except Bull Head, are still living within twelve miles of Calgary, seems incredible That these exploits have occurred within this district and within one's lifetime is scarcely conceivable. This record, made no more than two years ago, within a distance of twelve miles of a city of 50,000 inhabitants, and on a reserve connected by telephone with the city, is truly remarkable, and that such events have been contemporary with the building of public schools in the district, seems unbelievable.

"While the children of new settlers have been poring over tales of the bloodthirsty Iroquois, Algonquins and Hurons, and the wonderful adventures of Jacques Cartier and the early Christian monks and priests west of Niagara—adventures which seemed a part of a dim and distant past, there are living almost within a stone's throw of the school house doors, mighty warriors who have led into battle bands of copper-colored savages as valorous, as brave, as bloodthirsty as the most terrible braves who held sway before the company of One Hundred Associates."

The Doctor's Dilemma

By the Author of "The Second Life"

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

"NO, I don't suppose there ever was a more hopeless case!" Tom Gillett uttered a groan, and lighted a fresh cigar. He had been pacing up and down Sherbrooke Street for two hours, looking at the condition of his affairs. He had a pretty fair view of them now on every side.

"I don't know that I ever saw a worse out-look," said Tom, at last.

Probably it was the first time he had ever brought himself face to face with the matter. By day he was so persistently agitated with the hope of catching a glimpse of Miss Matlack, or, at least, hearing the tramp of her pony, as it passed in or out to the stable; he was kept in such a perpetual flutter by the bare chance of some new phase turning up in their unfortunate love-affair that he never had time coolly to regard this aforesaid love in the light of common sense.

But to-night he had set apart for this especial business. "Common sense—that's precisely what I will bring to bear on it," he had said.

After supper, therefore, Tom betook himself to the stately square on which old Peter Matlack's house frowned down with all the dogmatic authority of one hundred thousand a year, and brought common sense to bear. Matlack's house helped to set the matter plainly before him. It was built as a castle; a chateau of the time of the first Francis. Spoor, the architect, thought its grim towers and battlements (with glimpses underneath of the steam-heaters through the basement gratings) suggested ancient feudal state; stately dames and knights gone out to joust or tourney. People, however, always stopped to look at it, and went on with a muttered, "Matlack, Tea," precisely as they murmured "Slingsby, Whiskey," before the Ionic pillars of the house across the way. Such difficulties lie in our way when we would don those trappings of honor for which nature, we are convinced, has fitted us.

Tom Gillett had no fancies about jousts or tourneys. It was enough for him to know that it was a lucky hit of old Matlack's in Oolong and Souchong, that had boosted him in a week up into the Delectable Mountains, where dwell the millionaires. Grim towers and battlements, the butler, the very gold-mounted harness of Laura's pony, were only so many mile-stones to mark the hopeless distance between Tom's darling and himself.

It was a pleasant summer evening.

The stately houses recognized each other across the wide-shaded avenue; climbing roses, costly exotics, fringed and colored the brown-stone balustrades; daintily-dressed children peeped from the drawing-room windows; the very footmen, opening the hall-doors, looked down on the plebeian passer-by, as from unassailable golden heights where only balmy breezes blow, and souls are borne to heaven on flowery beds of ease, whose rose-leaves are all smoothed.

Tom Gillett would then go round the corner to the narrow street on which his office stood. A little pine building, ten by twelve; a carpeted room, with a cherry table, solitary bookcase, and three odd chairs by way of furniture. Outside the glittering sign, "Thomas Gillett, M.D., Office hours 9 to 10, A. M." "Why mightn't I as well have put them all office hours?" muttered Tom, with a melancholy grin.

The two houses were both before him. No witnesses in court ever set out a case more plainly. Tom stood at the corner, swinging his cane, looking first at one and then at the other. He was a neat, jaunty little fellow, with a joke always lying hid in his chubby face, and a suggestion of enjoyment of the good things of the world in his twinkling blue eyes and well-built clothes. A happy, go-lucky fellow, people thought, as they passed him. In Tom's own eyes he was of all men the most miserable.

"Life is worth nothing to me without Laura. Laura I cannot have without money; and how, in heaven's name, am I to make money ?"

There was no suppositious premise in his reasoning. He had gone to old Peter Matlack and put his fate to the test, that very morning. His own love and his inability he knew better than most men. There was not an atom of muddy self-conceit in poor Tom to hinder his mental soundings.

As he stood within sight of the Matlack castle, he saw the old tea-man come down the steps, and walk away to his club. Jones, his neighbor, who was with him, sniffed the common air affably with his hook-nose, as he went, as one of the dwellers on Olympus might, belated on the earth and essaying to appear an ordinary mortal. But there was no pomp or affectation about Peter—a plain, blunt man, with steady walk and keen, gray eyes.

"He values his money, but not himself for it," thought Tom. "And he doesn't overrate its value either," with a sigh. "Life's but a topsy-turvy, ill-balanced boat, without the gold ballast in the bottom."

The two old men disappeared down the avenue, without seeing Tom. Five miuutes after, Miss Laura's dainty little phaeton rolled noiselessly up the pavement, and stopped in front of the battlements. She wore lilac. "Just like a hyacinth blossom !" ejaculated Tom, going madly on tiptoe to catch the shimmer of her soft silk, when she would step down. Her silks were always soft; her skirts never rustled. Some women attack the senses like a dozen cross winds; this one was a single note of music—dress, voice, gentle, slow-moving brown eyes were all in harmony.

As for Tom, tea, money, old Peter, all were forgotten. "She wears curls to-night ! She looks like the Madonna del Sisto, with her hair plain. But with curls, she is—Laura !"

His ecstasy at that exhaled into silence. Now, whether Miss Laura had keener eyes than her father and saw the stout little figure waiting at the corner, will never be known. It is certain, however, that with her foot on the carriage-steps, she changed her mind, and, seating herself again, ordered the coachman to drive her immediately to the florist's in the next street.

"And you need not wait, Robert," she said. "It is but a step. I can walk home."

The result of which was that Dr. Tom beheld his lady-love, caged in a bower, full in his sight, with no other defence than roses and geraniums against him.

Mr. Feast, horticulturist for Waverley Avenue, was a man of intuitions. All he saw was a young lady, one of his best customers, bow formally to Dr. Gillett coming in, across the heaps of empty flower-pots. But he knew he would sell no more bouquets that day,

and, making some excuse, retreated to his back room, where he was speedily forgotten. As long as he was in hearing, Miss Matlack, who was really a stupid little body, talked of gloxineas and orchids, with aplomb and wisdom. Tom, who was shrewd and sensible, stammered "Laura!" grew red, stared at her in inexpressible silence, and otherwise conducted himself as an idiot. When they were alone, he waxed valiant, and she, shy.

"I went to see your father at his office, this morning, Laura. It's all over with me."

"Oh, Tom!" She clasped her hands. They were so little and helpless that nothing was to be done but to grip them tight in both of his.

"Yes," resolutely. "I don't see a chance. If your father were arrogant, or unjust, it would be hopeful. I would think Mr. Lord would interfere for us. But he talks such cursedly hard sense—I beg your pardon, Laura. But I feel as if I'd run my head, and heart too, against a stone wall!"

"Poor boy! poor boy! But what hard sense could he have on his side? Didn't you explain to him that—that we loved each other?" She grew red again, and trembled to her finger ends.

"Oh, of course. He knew that already. He was very courteous and pleasant about it. He had anticipated that a great many young men would feel impressed with the conviction that nature designed Miss Matlack as a good wife. A great many young men had been so impressed. With regard to myself he would be quite candid. Personally, he had no fault to find."

"I should think not!" under her breath; whereat Tom found it necessary to hold the little hands so tight that Miss Laura drew them indignantly away.

"Personally he had no fault to find. My family was good, better than his own; my social position, habits, character, all that could be desired. Still, the same could be urged in behalf of other suitors; and one insuperable objection remained against me—want of money. My income barely paid my board and clothed me decently. He knew from experience the power and uses of money, and was determined that his only child should have the benefit of both. I replied that I had one argument in my favor which no other suitor could urge. You know what that was, my darling?"

Laura, for her reply, blushed again, and slid her hands into their old resting-place.

"He said that the fact of your preference did not weigh so heavily with him as I probably thought it should do. He knew your character thoroughly. You were one of those gentle, loving, confiding women who turned like a vine to a fresh support, as soon as the first was removed."

"How little he knows me!" cried Laura, with a winsome laugh. Tom stroked her fingers tenderly, but he had a gloomy doubt that the old man was nearer right than he would acknowledge. "Her heart is brimful of love as a fountain of water, and it isn't natural she would keep it long for such a poor dog as I!" he reflected, with a fierce pang of jealousy. "I've no doubt," he added aloud, "if I could come to him tomorrow with an income one quarter as large as his own, he would receive me cordially. But in the meantime my income is just seven hundred a year."

"O dear!" sighed Laura, looking out through the dim glass walls at the gathering twilight. "Why, Tom!" with a sudden gasp of delight, "Doctor Nichol's practice is worth—worth—Well, you know how they live. I'm sure papa would be quite satisfied if you had as lovely a place as that; and as for me, I'd be content to live in a kitchen; I would indeed. People come to Doctor Nichol from all parts of Canada and you're a physician as well as he; and I think papa would be quite as willing that you should make your fortune by science and all that sort of thing as—"

"By tea? Very likely. But all I can do is to sit in my office. I can't collar patients on the street and compel them to come in."

"Well, I don't know," said Miss Laura, drily, gathering up her skirts preparatory to departure. "Some people can make fortunes in a week or two. Papa was very lucky in his sud-

den speculations, I have heard. But there seem to be numberless lions in your path. Perhaps if the incentive were of more value, the difficulties would disappear. No, thank you! I do not need any escort. It is not yet dark."

Tom walked in absolute silence by her side until they reached the steps of the Matlack mansion, the young lady talking very fast and very sweetly, of dust, weather, and concerts; chirruping "good evening," when she reached home, "unless, indeed, you will come in?"

"No, Laura," with gloomy solemnity, "I'll not come in;" and he stalked off, not hearing her feeble cry of "Oh, Tom! Tom!" as she stood with clasped hands on the top steps.

"That's too much to bear!" said Doctor Gillett, going down the street. It was a sincere, manly heart that beat in his breast, galled and sore from its long struggle beyond endurance. "If she doubts me, it is all at an end," he muttered.

When he had reached his own steps, he stood in the open door awhile, looking at the moon overhead, drifting through black, hurrying clouds. A new resolution gathered slowly on his face. "She shall never doubt me again," he said aloud; "I will have the money, now, by fair means or foul."

CHAPTER II.

Tom Gillett rose, the next morning, after a sleepless night, on fire with his own resolve. Commonplace men rise, many a morning, with zeal and power enough to make a Columbus or a Luther burning in their blood—for an hour or two. Before he dressed, he wrote and dispatched a note to Laura, which he had concocted during the night.

"Laura," it ran, "I could bear your father's words, but not yours. He is a man, and just, he did not doubt me. I will never see your face again until I come with the fortune which you and he demand. Till then farewell. T. G."

Tragedy never furnished words so trenchant or so terrible, poor Tom thought, reading them over. If he had been a woman, he could have cried with pity over his own thwarted life. "God knows money is the curse of all that is best in our natures," he thought, directing the letter with scowling brow. "If Laura had been a chambermaid and I a baker," glancing at a happy pair in the area opposite, "life would

"SHE SHALL NEVER DOUBT ME AGAIN," HE SAID. "I WILL HAVE THE MONEY BY FAIR MEANS OR FOUL"

have been an easy path for us. Now to action!"

The letter was to post: then shaving came, and dressing for the day; afterward breakfast, which he could not eat, and the morning paper. By the time that was finished his three patients were ready for him, and when the hour for action came Tom was very hazy in his ideas as to what the action was to be. Then was lunch; he began now to be hungry. He looked out at the tranquil, sunshiny street, at the Misses Slocum going out to pay morning calls, at the doctor's coupe opposite; listened to Ben the barber's plaintive tune upon the accordeon. He could not take any of this world by the throat and wring a fortune out of it. As for never looking upon Miss Matlack's face again, it was particularly difficult to carry out that resolve, as he had made that occupation the business of his life for the last two years; and besides she passed his door half a dozen times a day.

He took down his books, and read vehemently for half an hour. But why should he spend the day studying the pathology of obscure diseases, when it might be fifty years before he even had a case? That reminded him of his sole remaining patient, little Sam Feast, the florist's boy, whom he had brought through the scarlet fever. It was a week since he had seen him. He was almost well. But he was fond of the doctor, and his father and mother were foolish in their gratitude; and gratitude and affection were like cordial to poor Tom to-day.

In default of taking the world by the throat, therefore, he put on his hat and sauntered round to Feast's. The florist met him at the door. Gillett fancied there was a new expression of shrewd suspicion in his face. Could he have overheard, or understood anything, yesterday?

"It is Sam's back that troubles him," said his mother. "He can neither stand nor lie comfortably. This cheer his father brought him, give him the greatest pleasure for a day. He'd kerry it out into the sun and sit on it, first in one place and then the other. But it was sheer torture after a bit."

Tom began his examination of Sam's back zealously, while Feast watched him keenly. "He's no love-sick chap, that. First, he's a genuine, kind-hearted fellow, and then he's got the spirit of his profession in his blood and bones. There's nothing serious the matter with the boy, doctor?" he said, aloud.

"Nothing but debility. A few weeks' sunshine and fresh air will build him up. But this chair—?" taking it up.

"It's the easiest I could find. But the backs and sides of any chair are stiff."

"If they could be made elastic—?" Doctor Gillett turned the chair over, scanning it speculatively. He belonged to a family that had full use of their hands and eyes. "Send this around to the office, Feast. I think I can contrive an easier seat for Sam."

When evening came and the hour when Tom had been used to sally forth to Laura for his daily rations of happiness, there was a short, fierce struggle in his mind. Common sense came, uninvited this time, and threw her unpitying glare of light on the matter as never before. He could not conquer a fortune out of nothing. His boast in the morning had been the maddest folly. Then, if he could not honorably win Laura, let him take himself out of her path. "I'll not clog and damage her life with a hopeless attachment," thought Tom, the more bitterly, as he felt that perhaps the damage to Laura's life would be small. "She would have been a loyal, fond wife if she had married me. But she cannot live without something to love. In a month she will have forgotten me."

Whether this was just, or not, to Laura, it made the night, none the less, the most vacant and bitter of his life. Gillett went whistling up and down his office for an hour or two, and then stretched his arms over his head with a heavy breath.

"I may as well give the poor child a little pleasure; but it's all over for me," he said, and, sitting down to the table, took up the chair.

CHAPTER III.

For two months Miss Matlack waited in an exultant impatience. That Tom

did not come to the house argued not desertion, but that he was still in ardent search of the fortune which was to win her. She would not have been surprised if he had sent it before him in the shape of the basins full of precious stones, wherewith Aladdin wooed his bride, or carried it in his coat-pockets in government bonds. Her own money had come lightly. Tom, she told her confidential friend, might perform an astonishing cure; or bull or bear in wheat, whatever that was. She might be mistaken as to technical terms, but not in the certainty of the thing.

When Tom passed her, therefore, on the street, with his formal bow, her delicate face flushed rose-color and her eyes lighted into a happy smile, which wrenched the poor fellow's heart with an actual physical pang. He read his text-books, visited his patients, was cheery and full of jokes as usual. But people who knew him, Feast among the rest, noticed that his features were growing peaked and thin.

"This won't do," thought Feast. He dropped in that evening at Dr. Gillett's office, to smoke his pipe and gossip of different matters; among the rest, of his cousin's step-son, young Milroy, and that youth's exceptional success as a financier.

"He began, doctor, as an errand-boy for Stokes & Newhall, at a salary of—Well, I forget what, but a bare escape from starvation—saved, with overwork, one hundred dollars; put it into turpentine the year before the war, cleared eight hundred dollars. 'How did he know the war was coming ?' old Milroy says to me. Says I, 'He didn't know it; but he smelled the rise in turpentine. He had that kind of a nose.' And it's a fact. He scents a profit a year ahead. He's dealt in oil, silver, lead, stocks, and he never yet has touched a losing card. There's no solider man on 'change, to-day, than that young fellow. Bare twenty-nine, and began penniless. There's lucky men as well as lucky stones, doctor, I tell you; and whatever they touch turns to gold."

"Your friend must be a profitable acquaintance," said Tom, dully, as he spoke of everything now-a-days.

"That is precisely the light in which I wanted to suggest him to you," said Feast eagerly and lowering his voice. "I took the liberty of talking of you to him the other day, and he is exceedingly anxious to become acquainted with you. 'If you find he's an odd hundred or two lying idle,' he said, 'I can give him a hint how to plant it, so as to yield thousands while he is feeling pulses and writing prescriptions. Like the Scotchman's tree, "it'll aye be growing while he is sleeping".' "

"I don't know why Mr. Milroy should take an interest in me," said Tom, ungraciously; "I have no odd hundreds lying by, neither dollars nor cents."

"One don't need money to make money. These brokers manipulate hard gold out of nothing. At any rate you won't refuse Milroy's acquaintance ?"

"Certainly not. I"ll be glad to know any friend of yours, Feast," responded Gillett, tardily conscious of his incivility.

Feast's words worked like leaven. It was quite true that money did grow out of air in these broker's offices, and nowhere so quickly as in Milroy's, a man of whom Tom had often heard as the most successful speculator in town—one whose bases of action were always sound, and whose judgment resembled intuition. The man himself, when they met, acquired an almost immediate influence over him. Milroy had his own reasons for wishing to make a friend of Tom. The doctor stood high as a man of intelligence and honor; he belonged, too, to a class whom the broker hitherto could only approach in a business relation, and with whom there was immediate need he should establish a more familiar intercourse. No better go-between than Tom could be found. The very fact of this difference between them gave him a hold on Tom. Here was a young fellow of his own age, frank, genial, generous, who wore atrocious coats, ate with his knife, was reckless of grammar, and who yet had a peculiar power and gift which Tom, with all his culture, could only contemplate with blind admiration, as he might the weapon of a sword-fish, or the scent of a hound. The two became

companions; if not friends. Milroy "let Gillett into one or two strokes," which netted him a few hundreds in a week or two. Tom began to catch some idea of gambling in stocks.

"It is simply," he told Feast, "trading on your experience and foresight, instead of on a capital. Perfectly legitimate, it appears to me. So far I have seen nothing in the business not in accordance with the strictest rules of honor."

"And you never will in Milroy's office, I'm confident."

"No. I think I have some capacity for the business. I wouldn't be surprised if I'd be a capitalist in a year or two," with a sudden flush and laugh which were quite intelligible to Feast.

Gillett was on his way to Milroy's office then. There was a certain company just formed for the working of a silver mine in Cobalt, which was kept a profound secret in order to retain as many shares as possible among themselves.

"Once throw them on the market, and the competition will be so eager that our chance is gone," Milroy had told Tom. "The mine is almost pure, virgin metal. It is as sure a road to fortune as thrusting your hand into a bag of gold."

Tom was to be let in on "the ground floor;" the shares to the privileged few being held so low that he could easily compass the purchase. He had no curious speculations as to the cause of this favor shown him. "Milroy's vulgar; that can't be denied," he reflected, "and a little ambitious of friendships in our circle."

He went out of Feast's door, turning, for the first time in months, toward Matlack's house He could afford himself a glimpse of her, he thought, with his heart light and throbbing like a boy's. He had the whole silver mine in Cobalt between his palms. On the sunny porch of the florist's cottage he stopped to tap Sam's curly head.

"How does the chair work, my boy?" stooping to examine the structure of willow strips and elastic bands. "People stop to look at it, do they? We'll make a wagon next then, and trundle you out. You shall race with Miss Laura's fairy chariot yonder."

He could not keep her name from his lips; he must, perforce, invent some way in which he could speak it to this innocent child.

In a few moments he was seated with Milroy in his private room, listening to confidential letters from the agent sent out to inspect the mine.

"It reads," said Tom, with an unsteady laugh, "like a sketch of Eldorado."

Milroy was cool and guarded. "Do not expect too much. I have been engaged in more brilliant operations; but none as safe. Certainly none as safe. Each of the original stock-holders may count on netting a hundred and fifty thousand, at the end of the first year, but no more. Don't let your imagination run away with you, Gillett."

"One hundred and fifty thousand!" thought Tom, turning off abruptly to the window. He had no mind that this man should know what that money meant to him. There was a little grass-patch and a locust-tree without. The sun glistened on the branches, and a bird sang overhead of love and summer. Tom hardly heard Milroy's voice behind him.

"Of course, it all depends on that. The mine must be worked at once, before the fall rains if it is to yield us any dividend before next year. So there remains the stumbling block. Where is the ready money to come from?"

"The stock subscribed "

"You know at how low rates it has been sold."

"Why not throw the remaining shares on the market, then?" Tom's heart began to contract.

"And let in the capitalists? Ah, Gillett! our poor little chances would soon be swept out of sight, if once that hungry horde were let loose on such fat prey as this."

"You are as large a dealer in stocks as any in the city," said Tom, suspiciously.

"I told you every dollar of cash I had was tied up. I can really go no further

in this matter than I have already done." He began to turn over some papers, as though wearied with the subject. Tom rose. The Cobalt mine was but one of Milroy's enterprises, perhaps the least. It was life and death to him.

"You do not think of any escape from the difficulty, then ?"

"No, I do not. Money is tight, just now. We'll have to throw open the doors to a few large capitalists, who will run the matter through fast enough. Of course, they will insist on buying out small stockholders, on their own terms. But it can't be helped."

Good-bye to Laura. Gillett stood silent in the doorway, looking at the shrewd, impassive face of the broker, without seeing it. Milroy glanced up at last.

"Eh, doctor ? I beg your pardon; I thought you had gone. You look chilly—pale. What ails you ? I've a bottle of sherry here that—

"I don't want to drink. I'm going, now."

"Gillett ! One moment. About that Cobalt matter. It just occurred to me that you could help us out of the difficulty."

"I ? I have not the control of a dollar, beyond the sum I put into it."

"Yes, you have. Your uncle Frisbie is in Europe, isn't he ?"

"Egypt, I believe. I don't know where. What has that to do with it ?"

"Everything. Frisbie is a cautious, shrewd operator. If he were at home he would be prime mover in this matter. He is entirely in my confidence, and I would be willing for him to be prime mover; understand that. I always let him into a good thing when I can."

"But he's not at home."

"The better half of him is—that is, his money. He told me, the day before he left, of certain government bonds which he had deposited in a vault of the Fidelity Safe Company. There is but one key to each of those vaults. He told me that he had left the key with you for safe keeping."

"Yes. I did not know that there was money or its equivalent in the vault, though. He mentioned certain deeds, which I was to take charge of in case of fire or other accident."

"The bonds are there, however."

"Are you empowered to act as his agent ?" eagerly. "Is that what you mean ? Have you any power of attorney?"

"No—not exactly. But I am so confident that Frisbie would be first in this enterprise that it almost seems unfair to keep him out of it. What I meant to suggest was—" keeping his eye steadily fixed on the opposite wall — "that you should loan me the sum lying idle there for this purpose. In three months' time we would repay with a hundred per cent. interest; and win Frisbie's eternal gratitude for taking his talent out of the napkin of government bonds."

The color receded slowly from Tom's face.

"It appears to me that you propose to me to become a thief."

"Good heavens, Gillett ! how can you look at the matter in such a light ?" blustered Milroy. Yet it seemed to Tom that the bluster was prepared and ready for the occasion. "You do not know the business relations between Frisbie and myself, or you would not have wronged me so cruelly."

"Probably not. Let the matter drop there."

"As you will. But think over it tonight. The bonds, and we have success; without them, there is an end to all our plans."

Gillett walked home in a state of fiery indignation, that the swindler should have dared to tamper with him. He passed Matlack's house; a light shone in Laura's window. He went to his miserable office. There was his whole life mapped out—poverty, renunciation.

A homeless, solitary man ! Laura, the wife of another ! He rose at that, and went to the open door. "What if Milroy had been honest, after all ?" he said aloud. "It is but a loan; Frisbie would be glad to have his money doubled—"

An hour after, the watchman at the Fidelity Bank was summoned by a man

applying for admission to the range of private rented vaults. He gave the secret signal, and passed down to Frisbie's vault. He was, the watchman noticed, a young man, with a pale, haggard face, whose manner betrayed great suppressed excitement. He opened the vault, and took from it certain papers, examined them carefully, by the light of the setting sun; and stood irresolute for a long interval. Then, with a long breath, he opened the vault, and replaced them.

"It is all over," muttered Tom.

The watchman, as he passed him, spoke to him, but the stranger did not hear him; he went out silently, and passed alone down the street.

The next day, Dr. Gillett's glittering red sign was taken down. The doctor himself had gone West.

CHAPTER IV.

Two years afterward, Mr. Feast found the glittering red sign in a village of Alberta. He entered the office without announcement.

"And the Lord knows the trouble I've had to ferret you out," was his greeting.

Dr. Gillett had altered; was graver, stouter, wore a middle-aged look, curiously unsuited to his years. He wrung Feast's hand, as men do who are famished with homesickness. "Sit down! sit down!" he said. "After a while you shall eat and drink. But tell me something—anything, now, of the old place."

"Well, first, there's Milroy. You heard of his defalcation. A most accomplished swindler, that, doctor. I thanked God he never took you in. It was I who threw you in his way, you remember. But never mind him. I've other news for you. First is—I journeyed out here with it for you. You remember the chair you made for Sam? A folding-up, easy seat?"

Gillett nodded.

"Well, that seems a trifle; but see what it grew into. One day, Cobbs, the chairmaker in Montreal, came to me. 'Whose patent is this?' says he. Quick as thought, says I, 'Dr. Gillett's.' 'Who's his agent?' says Cobbs. I says, 'I'll write and see.' Then I goes and takes out a patent in your name. Then I bargained with Cobbs for the manufacture of the seat for our Province. The idea took. Simple, cheap, yet ingenious, you see. The thing spread like wild-fire. I've sold the right to manufacture them in these Provinces. Cobbs is making his fortune out of them, and yours is made. Now I want you to come home, and look into it. But I think," with a shrewd look, "I deserve something as agent, eh?"

Two days after Gillett was on his way home. In all that time he had not asked the question trembling on his lips. He beat about it—hovered near it. "I cannot believe such great results have grown out of such a mere trifle," he said.

"No? Why, there's Forten, in Montreal, is a millionaire; and his fortune grew out of a boy's ball, with a bit of elastic string fastened to it. Or look at Perkins, with his fruit-cans. Something practical and cheap to catch the popular fancy, you see. Now the chair's a thing everybody admires, and wonders they did not invent themselves. Only the other day Miss Laura Matlack stopped to look at Sam's in the greenhouse. 'It was Dr. Gillett who gave you this?' she said, and she sat down in it for a moment, very grave and quiet."

"She is not married, then?"

"No. People say she's waiting for some foreign prince."

Tom made no reply.

A month afterward, Mr. Feast received a magnificent bridal order for flowers. Late in the evening, Dr. Gillett came into the green-house, with a lady, a veil over her bright, blushing face. She took the old man by the hand. "The prince has come," she said, "thanks to you! But who would ever have thought the steed to bring him to me would have been an improved camp chair."

"My dear young lady," said Feast, sententiously, "Nothing's a trifle. Underneath that was the kind heart, which forgot its own troubles to please a poor lame child."

THE ABANDONED SEALER

BY C. L. ARMSTRONG

There she lies in the placid cove,
Her decks awash, her caulking wide,
She that was known from Horn to Pole,
The cruiser's thorn, the "Sea Wolf's" pride;
She that was one of "Three Black Crows"
How well she guards the things she knows!

She whispers not of northern mist
That wrapped her close when chase was warm;
She never breathes of brush-grown bay
That hid her safe from swift alarm.
She lies with mouldy sheets astir.
She has forgot the things that were!

The evening of her day has come;
The heat of noon has left her old.
Her cabin funnel's caked with rust;
The rats have fled her stinking hold.
She knows the things I long to know,
The secrets of the long ago.

"And the Spring comes slowly up this way."

Afoot in Lincolnshire

By J. H. Reed

Illustrated by L. Pern Bird

IT was a bright, breezy morning for a long Easter journey, but there were some pleasant pictures by the way. Through a cutting primroses filled the broad chinks of grey masonry like beautiful ribbon bands of pale yellow hue. Near Oxford the Thames was blue and sparkling, fringed by meadows of a lovely emerald green, and on one bank the star-like flowers of the lesser celandine showed a mass of burnished gold.

Further north the sallows by the water-brooks were studded with soft, silver-grey catkins, and the willows threw out a haze of spring-like green from their opening buds. Then, from the banks of a sluggish little stream, an upland rose, and on its crest clusters of red-tiled houses, and in their midst a plain church tower, with slender pinnacles, marked the historic Lutterworth where the great preacher Wycliffe lived and labored. As we sped along, a crimson glory shone between broad grey clouds, and so in the twilight we come to a barer land, swept by the fierce winds which tear across the landscape from the biting North Sea waves, and we are in Lincolnshire.

This sullen, stormy winter, long drawn out, delayed the work of the farm, and the ploughman's team still toils wearily over the bare fields, turning up the brown earth to prepare it for the spring sowing. After the ploughman march the rooks, their glossy black plumage gleaming in the morning sun. Pertly they strut along and look for admiration, like village maidens showing their new frocks on Easter Sunday, but a swift movement shows they are alert to seize the upturned worm.

The hedger is plashing down the field side armed with leather apron and gloves, and with hook and bill he clenches, wrenches, and twists the stubborn stems until the hedge is

"Cleaned and trimmed, and plashed and strong,
And hardly as high as your knee."

I do not like these fearfully trim hedgerows. Every twig is in its place; no stray spray of roses will laugh in the June breeze, no hanging honeysuckle scatter its delicious scent on sweet summer evenings, and the luscious blackberry must be sought elsewhere when the hedger has finished plashing. The farmer looks on the work with pride, the nature lover with regret.

In the west the birds have long been busy with their homes. In a small city

square a pair of young rooks have been quite entertaining. Nearly a month ago they were experiencing the delights of young lovers. One afternoon they were rubbing beaks, merrily cawing, flipping and flapping glossy wings on one branch, while on the opposite side of the tree a dejected, miserable bird, the rejected lover sat with head almost hidden among its feathers, with jealous eye watching the playful happiness of the engaged pair. On the fork of the very branch where this pretty little love scene was enacted, in due time the nest appeared. When approaching completion, came uncertainty. These giddy young things seem to have had doubts as to the wisdom of setting up a home, all alone, in this unfashionable square. This is the sequel: one afternoon some dozen elders of the tribe appeared; the old president sat upon a lofty telegraph pole, and after a good deal of chattering the end came. Every stick of that nest was speedily carried away to another home in a more favored place.

In the bleak, bare hedgerows of this eastern shire, the birds have been shy to build, for they were sadly beset to find nesting places of warmth and safety; branches have been chosen very near the ground. Their necessity has been their enemies' opportunity. Mouse and rook, stoat and weasel, have found newly laid eggs a dainty morning meal, and thrush and blackbird have had to mourn their loss, and start a new home in higher and safer spots. We found several nests where these domestic tragedies had taken place.

Many birds have shown skill in concealment. A winter storm had thrown a fine elm tree which had stood in a hedgerow by the roadside. It fell into the adjoining orchard, and dragged up with its shallow roots a great bank of earth. This brown mass, with innumerable diminutive rootlets, formed a wall some six feet high by the roadside. The bole was severed and the bank left to form part of the hedgerow. A thrush found a convenient ledge for its nest; the rootlets—brown curtains hung before the door, a little screen from prying eyes; but the mother bird, by a careful selection of materials, had made the outer wall of the nest, close to the public path, so much like its brown surroundings that it was not easy of detection, although no green growth helped to hide it from view. The most beautiful nest was in a garden, where a chaffinch had made a dainty cup of moss and wool, hung with lichen, grey

WITH HOOK AND [illegible]

spangles that adorned it with beauty.

This is a fertile county. Through its length stretches a long line of hills, called wolds, a land of corn and sheep, broken into vast hollows or narrow valleys where villages nestle, oaks and beeches flourish, and the chalk streams flow. At the base of the hills is a broad expanse of rich meadows and wonderful wheat lands. Tennyson speaks of it as—

> Yon great plain
> That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
> And crowded farms and lessening towers,
> To mingle with the bounding main.

Louth is the queen of the shire. It lies snugly under the shadow of the hills. They close round it on all sides, save the one that looks across the plain to the sea. Clear, sparkling waters issue from the fissures in the chalk. One, after filling a circular basin, runs away by cottage gardens, having curious little bridges and sloping paths, to the road below. The diminutive river Lud (Louth was Ludes in Domesday Book) flows through the town, and, though a considerable stream, comes from a spring only a few miles away. It has its rise in the little village of Tathwell, where Tennyson's schoolmaster was vicar for more than thirty years. The tower of the old Norman church dedicated to St. Vedast, crowns the summit of a lofty mound rising from the banks of the tarn below. The church porch is reached by a long flight of steps, and the graves of the villagers lie on the sloping hillside. Cottages, covered with honeysuckle and roses, are scattered here and there around the little lake. It is supplied by springs, which ever pour a bountiful flood to feed the brook below.

Leaving this charming village, the stream flows for three miles through one of the prettiest valleys in Lincolnshire. It is a favorite haunt of birds. They love the margin of the stream, where quiet nooks shelter their young and food abounds. A yellow wagtail whisks across the path, and a brilliant flash of blue reveals the kingfisher's haunt. As we pass a magnificent row of the beeches, we come to the spring, which emerges from a bank where the gnarled hawthorns cluster. This is the spring that loves

> To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand

as it hastens to join the larger stream. Through another village, and then on to Louth's Pride, the famous Hubbard's Valley, where the curving hills enclose a gorge of great beauty. The steep, lofty slopes, covered with wood, the verdant turf, the curving brook rushing over mimic waterfalls, where the spotted trout glides swiftly by, or seeks the shelter of the banks, form a sylvan scene of surpassing loveliness. Happy Luddites, it is theirs for ever; a benevolent lady has just presented it to the town.

Passing an old mill and entering the meadows, the old Elizabethan home of Sir John Bolle is seen on the wooded slope across the river. He is the hero of the Percy Ballad, which tells the story of a Spanish lady who wooed an Englishman. Sir John was at the capture of Cadiz in 1596. A young and wealthy senorita, to whom he was kind in captivity, fell in love with him. Alas! a Lady Bolle lived in the old mansion at Thorpe Hall, and the wooing was in vain. She loaded him with gifts and her portrait in green for his lady. The poor senorita died in a convent, and the green lady haunts the lanes around to this day.

Leaving the meadows, the Westgate is entered, and, walking towards the town, a little street on the right is called School House Lane, in which stands one of King Edward's grammar schools. It has had many famous scholars. The founder of Virginia heads the roll, Captain John Smith by name, whom the Americans claim as the father of their nation. He saved the colony from destruction in the early years of James I. Baden-Powell claims descent from the old Stuart hero, and in 1906 presented to the school a bust of the Virginian made by his own hands. Alfred Tennyson and his brothers, Frederick and Charles, were scholars, too. Here came Sir John Franklin from his native town of Spilsby, a few miles away, and Hobart Pasha. Eyre,

HERE LIES, HIDDEN AWAY UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE CHURCH, AN OLD HOUSE WHERE ALFRED TENNYSON LIVED IN BOYHOOD AND WROTE SOME OF HIS EARLIEST POEMS

the Australian explorer, and a host of other famous men were scholars in the grammar school of the little town.

Under an archway in Westgate a group of small houses are hidden away under the shadow of the beautiful church, and in one of these Alfred Tennyson, when a schoolboy, and

> The old grey spire loomed taller
> In the shadowy evening light,

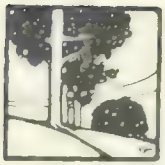
wrote some of his earliest poems.

The finest view of the wonderful spire is seen from Westgate. Its tower has three stories; the western window has seven lights and beautiful tracery. The windows of the upper story have fine tracery. Four pinnacles rise from the four corners of the tower. They are octagonal in form and fifty-two feet high. Flying buttresses spring from these to the spire, and are singularly beautiful. This exquisite octagonal spire, crocketed at the angles, is nearly 300 feet high, and was finished in 1515, and on Holy Rood Eve, when it was hallowed, an old parish record quaintly says: "The priests sang Te Deum Laudamus, with organs, the kirkwardens garred ring all ye bells, and caused all the people there being to have bread and ale."

Passing on to the Market Place, there stands the bookseller's shop, where Alfred and Charles Tennyson brought their "Poems by Two Brothers" for sale. Mr. Jackson gave them £20 for the manuscript, and to-day, if you want a copy, you will have to give more than that amount to possess it. There are many delightful walks in the neighborhood of the town; roads cut through the chalk hills lead to quiet villages, with fine towered churches, broad rich landscapes, wooded hillsides and well-watered valleys.

A holiday in a quiet town like this, with an occasional day or two on the sands of Mablethorpe, a few miles away, would bring rest to the weary toiler of a large city. The Easter was cold but bracing; it was cheering to hear the bonny chaffinch singing to his mate through a stinging north-east wind, and a brave thrush piped to the little mother below when snowflakes were thickly falling.

I was sorry to turn westwards and homewards.



Spinal Maginnis Smokes the Calumet of Peace

By John Patrick Mackenzie

Illustrated by A. W. Grann

"NOT a bad shot, young fellow." "Did you hear that?" Gabby Wilkinson whispered excitedly to Harry Freeman.

Spinal beamed his appreciation of the compliment, for it was Bulldog Wallace, the stalwart and reticent captain of the first twelve, who had publicly on the field commended his scoring of the third and last goal of a somewhat easy victory over the town lacrosse club.

Wallace, anticipating a walkover sort of contest, had, in order to popularize the national game among the lower school boys, weakened his Stonewall twelve which had played a drawn game with the Six Nation Indians on Queen's birthday, by putting two Lower Third boys, Spinal and Gabby, on as home fielders. Harry was already a fixture at inside home, and so, having learned the game together, the three had played a good combination which had materially contributed to the victory.

"You know that's one of the three things that the boys of ancient Persia were taught—to shoot straight."

"What were the other two?"

Spinal's curiosity overcame his diffidence in the presence of the great captain, but Wallace had unbent enough for one time, so he merely vouchsafed, "I'll tell you some other time."

Spinal, who was intensely interested in anything bearing on his favorite game, asked boldly, "How did you find that out, about shooting straight?"

"Herodotus, the father of history," was Bulldog's laconic answer as he turned on his heel.

"The father of history? That must be Old Bill," said Spinal, who had a vast respect for Dr. Tassie's scholarly attainments. "But I didn't know he ever licked the Fifth."

"No more he does," said Gabby.

Gabby and Harry exchanged queer glances, but Spinal's universal misinformation was so well-known that the remark passed without further notice.

The end of the term was approaching and Dr. Tassie found increasing difficulty in holding the lower school within bounds of ordinary decorum while he prosecuted his vigorous and unremitting search for university material among the upper classes.

The Fifth Form was being coached in Greek mythology, but the lesson had been interrupted by a disturbance in the ranks of the Lower Third, caused by a moistened paper wad, projected by a rubber-banded catapult, which had landed accurately on the top of Paddy Moyles' gaily upturned Hibernian nose. Spinal, who had fired the shot, and Gabby who had insisted that he had furnished the weapon of pro-

cision, were sentenced to stand conveniently beside Dr. Tassie's good right hand pending leisure to attend fitly to their case.

Spinal, who never neglected an opportunity to drink in misinformation, was paying close attention to Mungo Strathbogie's halting rendering of the legend of Orpheus' descent into Hades, in search of Eurydice, accompanied by his trusty lyre. The poetic justice of the story so captivated his imagination that, ignoring his impending punishment, he could not refrain from asking Dr. Tassie, when he and Gabby were waiting for their reward, whether the "liar" ever escaped from Hell.

"Are there any other points which you would like to have made clear ?" Dr. Tassie asked with deadly mildness.

"Did Euriddus ?——"

"I will rid you of several misconceptions forthwith. Orpheus' (whack!) L (whack !) Y (whack !) R (whack !) E (whack !) Lyre (whack !) Eu (whack!) Ryd (whack !) I (whack !) Ce (whack !) Eurydice" (whack!) and then they were liberated.

"I'll show him that I can pronounce Greek," Spinal muttered, as he and Gabby chafed their tender palms on their way to dinner.

The Wednesday half-holiday presented an immediate opportunity to carry out his inspiration.

Mr. Muirhead, the genial Scotsman, had given the boys a standing invitation to visit his farm and, finding that Sandy had gone to town, Spinal induced three steady-going plough horses to lend themselves to his plan, and he, Harry and Gabby, rode in state at the wonted plodding walk of their steeds, along the stone road and up to the front gate of Dr. Tassie's house.

"What does this mean?" the bewildered educator exclaimed, as he came out, rubbing his eyes.

Sandy Muirhead, who had returned home soon after the boys' departure, came posting up on his road nag at a sharp trot.

Chummy Jones, whom Spinal had persuaded to act as agent provocateur, sauntered up and remarked, "Ah, Spinal. You ride I see."

Spinal slid down from his steed and replied, "You rid I see. Dr. Tassie taught us to pronounce it that way in his symthology class."

"Eurydice ?" Dr. Tassie grimly enquired. "I must assist your imagination to realize some of her possible experiences in Hades. Your humor is altogether too dry."

"Smythology is what you certainly should study. I will teach it you like any blacksmith. Come with me. Mr. Muirhead, you can take care of your horses ?"

Sandy sadly bade them farewell. He fully realized the futility of intercession. "Ye're no the first gay riders wha hae been pu'ed up wi' a round turn liftin' ither people's beasties," he said, thinking of the moss troopers of his native border, and then he rode away, driving his plough horses before him.

What followed is too familiar a story of Galt life to bear repetition.

Spinal woke up next morning with a start and a realizing sense that it was indeed the last day. He performed his toilet and ate his breakfast in unwonted silence, and with much less disturbance of his neighbors than usual.

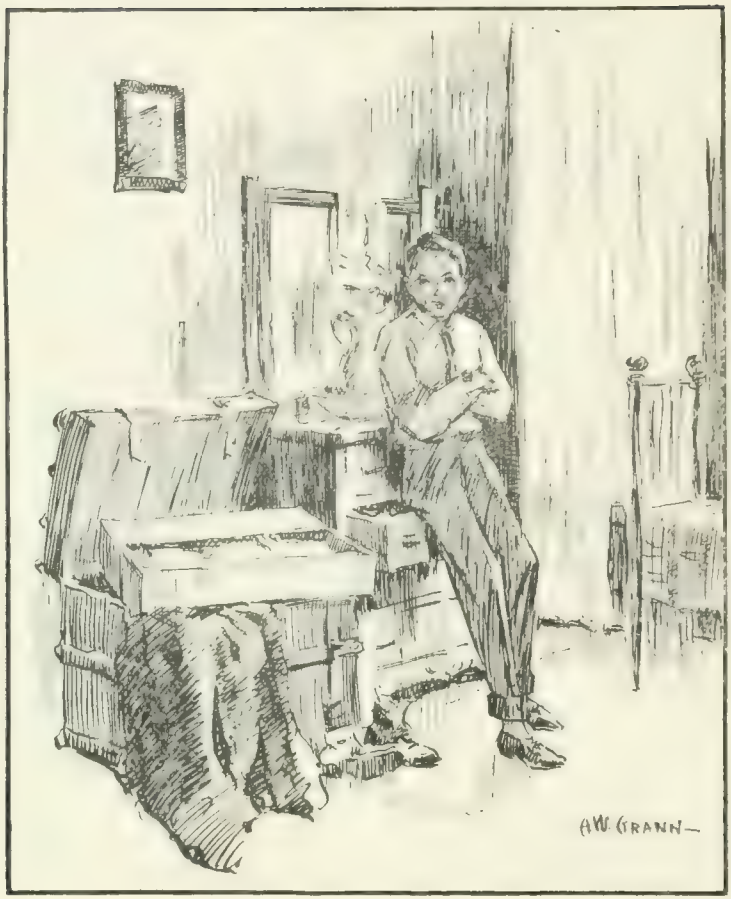
As he packed his trunk, he required a little bravado to keep down a feeling which was almost homesickness. So he chanted bravely the hymn provided for use at such a time.

> No more Latin, no more Greek,
> No more tawse to make us squeak ;
> No more slops in dirty mugs ;
> No more cabbage full of bugs ;
> We'll up with the tables and down
> with the chairs,
> And kick Old Tassie down the stairs.

The kind of packing in vogue among Galt boys was soon finished, and a long morning on his hands.

In company with a dozen other hearty unquenched appetites, he paid a farewell visit to Mrs. Knox's pastry shop, where cheese-cakes and sausage rolls—her specialties—were thoughtfully and decorously discussed. Then, as Pepys might have put it, to Mrs. Oates' for taffy, lemon pop and sarsaparilla and a farewell chat; for one always felt at home there.

Carefully counting his change to make sure that he had the railway fare home left, Spinal drew Mrs. Oates to the rear of the shop, placed some pri-



AS HE PACKED HIS TRUNK A LITTLE BRAVADO WAS NEEDED TO KEEP DOWN HOMESICKNESS

vate purchases in his pocket, beckoned mysteriously to his particular chums, Harry Freeman and Gabby, and proposed a farewell visit to the wigwam.

It was a longer and more difficult journey than it had been to the wigwam which the Baikie apes demolished. Thanks to Harry's woodcraft and forethought, they had chosen a site for this, their architectural masterpiece, which had remained a secret throughout the winter, both from Tassie apes and Baikie apes, and, of course, no one hunted for wigwams in summer. For the first few weeks after it was built, they needed Harry's guidance or they could not have returned to it, so difficult to follow was the way through the dense pine forest and tangled cedar swamp.

There it stood, beautiful as ever. They had not long to stay, but they saw that everything was ship shape, that doors were well fastened and roof tight, and then drew up a map showing the way to find the place. This they decided to present, with a deed to the wigwam, to two deserving second form boys who had taken the Wellingtons' place in the back room.

Then they reentered the wigwam, and, hot as it was, made a fire of pine sticks in the centre and sat around cross-legged with solemn faces. Whereupon Spinal, taking from his pocket a new clay pipe and gaudy packet of tobacco, announced triumphantly, "'Tis the calumet of peace."

"That's very poetic, Spinal," said Harry, "but I don't think we had better break rules on the last day."

"Pshaw! Harry. The pipe of peace is not smoking in the sense that Old Bill intended. All you do is to pass it around and take a whiff or two. Why, I'd just as soon tell him, and I'll bet he would say it is all right."

"Well, if you put it that way, let's make a point of telling, for you know that is the rule I've stuck to ever since the Berserker wreck, and I'm not going to change now."

"All right, here goes. It's very opprobrious for this ceremential smoke. See it's the sackem brand," and he exhibited the package bearing a picture

of an Indian chief, with the legend "Sachem Mixture". Harry and Gabby rolled on the ground with delight at Spinal's involuntary joke.

"And sacked you certainly would have been, Spinal, if you had been caught with that any time earlier in the term," Gabby said, "and I don't know but you will be anyway."

"But what did you mean, Spinal, by a ceremential smoke—ceremonial ?"

"No, ceremential is the correct word," Spinal answered.

"Then you had better look out," said Harry, "for cerements are grave clothes."

"No, that isn't it at all, I meant a ceremony and a memento," was Spinal's lucid explanation.

"The contents of this package," Spinal read, "are ar-emetic and——"

"That's what they are," the others shouted amid fresh paroxysms of hilarity.

"But it is no wonder he hesitated to admit it and stammered," said Harry.

"Here's your calumet anyway," Spinal announced, coughing and choking after lighting it with a burning stick from the fire.

The boys gravely passed the pipe from one to another, vowing that their friendship would ever be as warm as the fire—"and strong as the tobacco," Harry added.

The sun's vertical rays piercing through the canopy of smoke told them that it was time to go.

Spinal ran on ahead, puffing the pipe in spite of Harry's protests, and, before they could overtake him and demolish it, he had swallowed a good deal of smoke in his excitement.

By the time they reached the stone road, Spinal was white, and before they passed Mrs. Oates' shop, where he had bought the Sachem Mixture, he was green.

Then they sat down by the roadside for a time, for Spinal could go no farther. As a final effort was being made to brace him up to make one last dash for home, a carriage passed, crowded with a gay, laughing party. There were boys from one of the smaller houses and—girls !

"Mrs. Woodruff has those girls to tea once a week," said Gabby in disgust.

The boys of Dr. Tassie's house were secretly envious of the privileges of the boys of this particular house, while they affected to hold them in scorn.

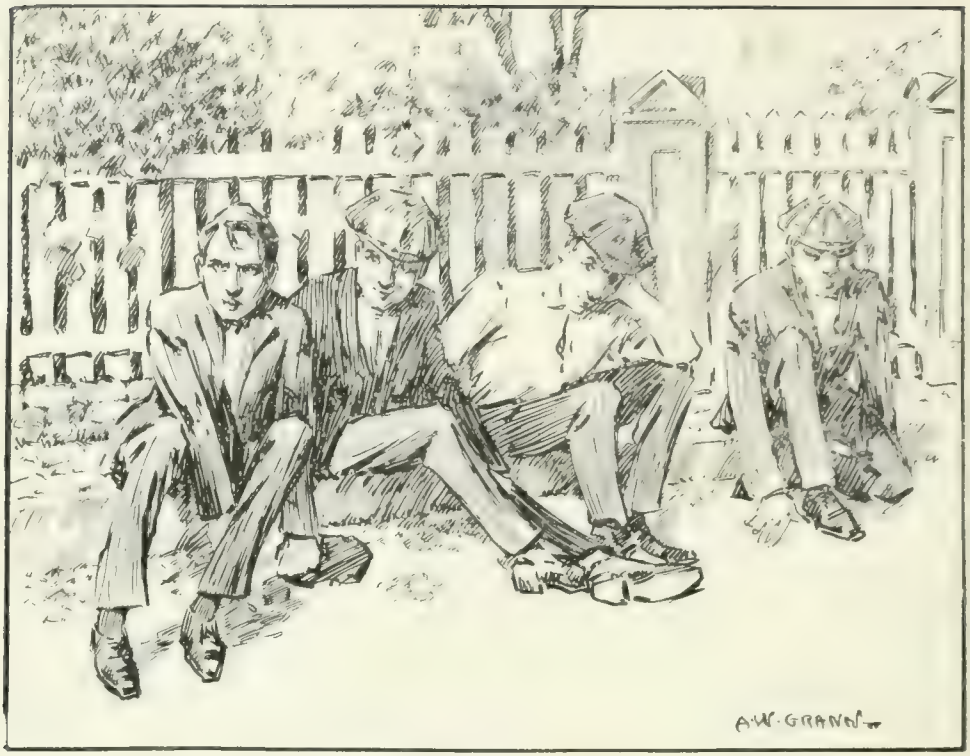
Probably the number of boys in Dr. Tassie's house, and possibly their turbulent ways also, deterred most of the Galt girls from venturing on their range. At any rate, not more than two had even been known to come there, and then only to sit demurely at Mrs. Tassie's end of the long table and steal occasional side-long glances at the double row of stolid faces. One of those girls was in the carriage—"the girl with the frizzed hair," Spinal had called her when he had caught her eye on her last visit to Mrs. Tassie. He gave a deep groan as he saw her, and she, standing up in the carriage and looking back, exclaimed, "Oh ! look at that poor boy; he's sick."

Fortunately the rest of the party did not think it sufficiently important to stop, but poor Spinal had had enough notice as it was. He bemoaned his wretched luck most despairingly, until assured by Harry that "pity is akin to love." This revived him sufficiently to reach the house, supported by his companions.

Dinner was a severe ordeal for Spinal, for it was hash, which, of all the good, wholesome food provided by Mrs. Tassie in plenty, was the most consistently, unanimously and continuously reviled.

After dinner, it was necessary to tell Dr. Tassie in order to live up to their agreement, and Spinal, who could hardly stand, bravely insisted on going with the others. Harry Freeman was spokesman and dilated on the ceremonial nature of the experiment, which amused Dr. Tassie and also Bulldog Wallace, the head of the house, who was making a farewell call.

"The affair is quite consistent with MacPherson's interest in Indian cus toms," said Dr. Tassie, who had confiscated several of Spinal's dime novels during the term. "I regret that you should have suffered for your enthusiasm and must, ah! m! hm! suffer still more, for I am a believer in Solomon's proverb. 'Spare the rod and spoil the



THE GIRL WITH THE FRIZZLED HAIR WAS IN THE CARRIAGE, AND POOR SPINAL GAVE A DEEP GROAN AS HE SAW HER GO BY

child,'" and he proceeded to demonstrate the superiority of his tawse over the primitive weapons of Solomon's days.

By four o'clock Spinal was able to walk out. He was a melancholy spectacle. All color, even to the green tinge, was gone, and nothing remained of the rigid air of suppression, but in place of it was an absolutely abject, despairing limpness. But the bold spirit was not yet quenched. "Let's go down to the river and see the race," he said, faintly.

Some of the boys affected boating rather than land sports, and two four-oared boats were kept for their exercise This afternoon a race was to be rowed for the championship of the school.

A temporary platform, or wharf, had been built at the finish, where chairs were provided for the town folk, who were gathering. Along the water's edge an aisle was left clear so those who went out on the river in pleasure craft could land and take seats, or embark, as they pleased. At the far end of this aisle Spinal spied the girl with the frizzed hair. She, doubtless still inspired with the pity which she had displayed in the morning, forgot that she had not been introduced to Spinal and bowed most graciously. Spinal needed no more to send the de'il ma'-caur blood of the MacPhairsons coursing through his veins, as it was wont to do, and started toward her.

Gabby had taken in the situation and also the fact that there was altogether quite a bevy of girls whom it would be fine to monopolize to the exclusion of the boys of the despised minor house. Clutching Spinal by the arm, he said, "Introduce me, old fellow." As the words were spoken, Spinal, whose spirit was stronger than his body at the moment, reeled with the ungentle clutch, pushed Gabby into the water, and followed

There was great excitement and

consternation. It would not have been so bad if there had been any danger, but the water was only up to their waists, and there was nothing to do but ridiculously wade out and go home.

This adventure called for another interview with Dr. Tassie, as no suggestion of danger at the river was ever allowed to go unpunished.

After this disappointment, Spinal was again very weary and took a nap.

By six o'clock the boys came crowding back from the boat race full of the exciting contest, which had been won by half a length, and Spinal revived and was soon his old self, even to getting through supper quite creditably.

Then all marched to the train, shouting hilariously:

"Good bye to the station,
Good-bye to Blain's mill,
Good-bye to Old Satan
who lives on the Hill."

This parting salute to Old Bill had never yet been omitted on the last day and must not be now.

It was a short run down the "Galt, Preston and Guelph" branch to the junction at Harrisburg, where all had to wait for the trains going east and west.

A busy scene it was, with several hundred excited boys swarming on the narrow platform. At the top of the hill was a huge sign proclaiming to all who looked that way,

Pie, cake, biscuit, cheese,
liquor and cigar;
Always kept for public use
at Old Jake's bar.

The three chums naturally gravitated in that direction. Harry, being naturally thrifty, had saved some pocket money. Their souls called for a quiet corner where they could clasp hands over a farewell libation. Spinal thought lemon pop would be strong enough for him; the others ordered ginger ale.

"Here's to good old Galt—drink her down," cried Gabby, suddenly remembering with compunction that it was the first good word he had ever been man enough to say for the school which was beginning to mean so much to him.

Just then Bulldog Wallace came in, unbending somewhat with the responsibility of looking after the small fry. "Hello, youngsters, got over your smoke? It's too bad you got licked into the bargain, but *sic semper tyrannis*."

"Yes, I was sick," Spinal said, "but I feel better now." Then a thought

"HERE'S TO GOOD OLD GALT, DRINK HER DOWN, DRINK HER DOWN!" CRIED GABBY

struck him and he asked suspiciously, "What were those other two things you said the Persian boys had to learn?"

"Oh, Herodotus? Why, the three were: to shoot straight, to ride, and to tell the truth."

Spinal was something of a fatalist. "That's about what I thought," he said, darkly. "Just our luck to have it work the wrong end to. He rodded us for shooting straight; he rodded us for learning to ride; he rodded us for telling the truth; he rodded us for being too dry, and he rodded us for getting too wet. He rodded us farther "

But the engine bell was clanging; the brakesmen were singing "a—ll a—board going East!" His well-nigh helpless friends were rushing Spinal's quite helpless form down the broad stairs to the platform, and the rest of the immortal panegyric on Old Bill's prowess was forever lost to the world.

REALITY

BY JOHN DUNCAN HOWE

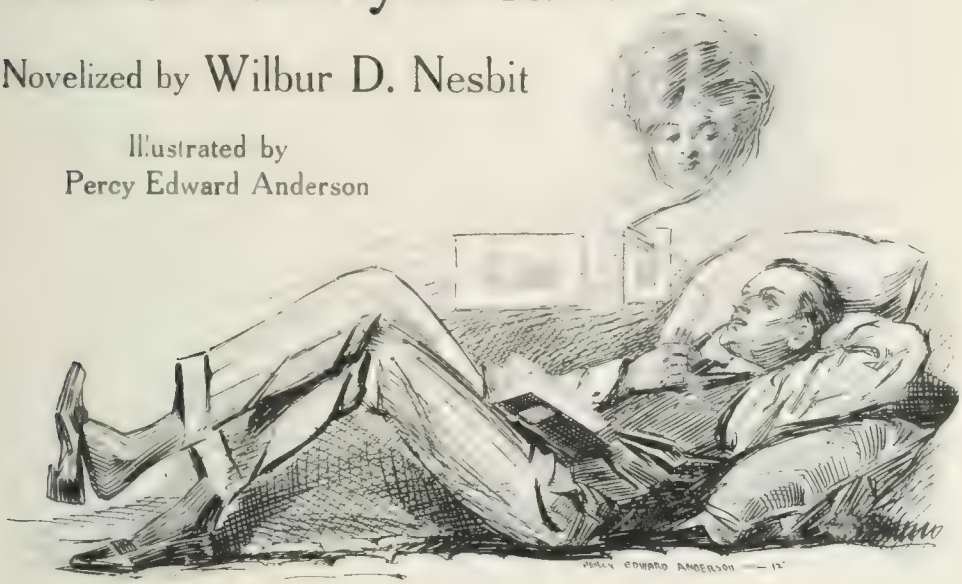
DREAMS? What are dreams? The vision the freed soul
Sees, far, oh very far and far away,
Or what men call this phantom daily life
Wherein we walk, bound dreamers of a dream,
Net-footed and bewitched? Oh, never that!
The vision is the real—the wide sweet world
Of fairy fields, the moody purple wall
Of distant mountains, where the spirit light
May go untroubled on its singing way,
And see—oh, poignantly and keenly dear—
The great white bird wheel, silver-pinioned, by.

It is the dream that roaring in its pain,
The tortured city quivers through its steel
That still remembers forge and sledge and flame.
It is a dream that all these restless ghosts
Of pinched white faces hurry through the smoke,
That hearts cry out in sorrow; that the mean
And sordid chaffer of the market-place
Goes on. What other answer can we bear?

The Girl of My Dreams

Novelized by Wilbur D. Nesbit

Illustrated by
Percy Edward Anderson



SYNOPSIS.

Harry Swifton, a gay young bachelor, is in love with Lucy Medders, a Quakeress who nursed him after an auto accident in the country, and is expecting a visit from his future fiancee and her father, when he runs his car into another machine and ruins the hat of a lady. The lady and her companion, a German Count, are naturally indignant, and Harry, hastily thrusting the remains of the hat into a pocket, makes his escape. They trail him home, and demand the hat just as Harry, his sister Carolyn, and Socrates Primer who is a distant relative of Lucy's are preparing to receive Lucy Medders. Socrates has a mysterious big box containing a present for Lucy. The lady of the damaged hat, who proves to be the wife of General Blazes, is very anxious that the General should not know of her escapade, and says that she must have a duplicate of her ruined hat which her milliner tells her has been delivered at this house. Harry protests that he knows nothing about it, and in the midst of the scene Lucy Medders and her father arrive. Harry hastily hides Mrs. Blazes in his bedroom and the Count in the library. Lucy and her father ask to be shown the house, and Harry has to do some fancy lying to keep them from entering the rooms where the Count and the lady are hidden. Just as he thinks he has thrown them off the scent, and drops into a chair with a sigh of "It couldn't be worse!" Daphne Daffington, the milliner, comes in to trace the duplicate hat. Daphne and Harry have had a flirtation in the past which Daphne does not intend to drop, and it is only at the price of taking her out to dinner that she will consent to make a third hat and rescue Harry from his predicament. Lucy and Carolyn approach, and he hustles Daphne into the room where the Count is hidden. Unknown to Harry, Daphne and the Count have met before, and they greet each other warmly. But presently Daphne quarrels with the Count and seeks shelter in the room where Mrs. Blazes is hidden. Amos Medders and Lucy come upon the Count, who passes himself off as Harry's German tutor. General Blazes arrives in a rage, looking for his wife, and just as Harry has pacified him, Daphne Daffington comes out of her concealment, greeting the General with delighted cameradie. The General does a little fancy lying himself, and departs hastily, Daphne leaving also. Lucy and Carolyn demand an explanation from Harry, which Harry is unable to give. Again the Count rises to the situation and takes the blame of Daphne's concealment upon himself. Lucy is finally appeased and the household quiets down. Then the General returns to tell Harry he never doubted him for a moment, and in the hearing of his wife recounts his flirtation with Daphne. Harry gets him away and goes to rescue Mrs. Blazes from her predicament.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Mrs. Blazes drew back a bit from the window, and asked:

"Have you heard anything of my hat?"

Harry sank down on a lawn bench with a weary air.

"Where have I heard of hats?" he said. "I've ordered a hat for you. Daphne, the daffy daffodil, is making

one for you. She'll have it here before long."

"That's dear of you!" Mrs. Blazes smiled, appreciatively.

"How do you know what it costs?" he asked, grimly.

Mrs. Blazes clasped her hands melodramatically and went on:

"And I'm so worried about my husband!"

"You are? You ought to be," Harry told her. "And he's worried about you—and I'm worried about both of you. Shut the window, and let me think."

She closed her window, and he resumed his meditations.

"Sometimes," he muttered, "it's against a fellow to be innocent. I could have straightened this out in two minutes if I had been guilty."

The front door opened, and Lucy appeared. She glanced down at Harry and smiled.

"May I come out with thee awhile?" she asked. "It is so peaceful out here—everything seemeth so calm."

"This is the headquarters for peace and calm," Harry observed, pleasantly, rising. Lucy came down the steps and sat on the lawn seat while Harry leaned over the table beside her, looking down at her.

"Well," Lucy asked, "what can thee say?"

"I can't say anything yet," he answered. "I can only ask you to trust me until I can explain everything."

"But surely thee can explain everything now."

"No. Not yet. I don't understand it myself yet."

Lucy's face changed, and Harry went on:

"Later, I'll tell you everything. I can't now, Lucy, because some one else is involved."

"I saw her," Lucy said, coldly.

"I don't mean that way, Lucy," he protested. "What you saw may have a peculiar look—"

"Indeed, she had!" Lucy asserted.

"But you must remember that often there is an unsuspected skeleton in the closet," Harry continued, manfully.

Lucy pursed her lips scornfully.

"Skeleton, indeed!" she said. "That skeleton weigheth at least a hundred and thirty pounds!"

Harry laughed nervously, and said:

"Now, listen, Lucy. Won't you take my word that everything is all right, so far as I am concerned?"

"I might take thy word, but thee cannot explain so easily to Cousin Socrates or to father."

"Cousin Socrates has been in the attic writing sonnets about you all evening, and I have talked with your father, bless his good old heart! He believes in me, and he is willing to trust me."

"So do I believe in thee, Harry—but thee cannot know how sorry I am that this has happened. I regret it."

With an earnest effort to turn her mind to a lighter view of things, Harry asked:

"So you regret it?"

"I do—very, very much."

"Then, if you regret it very, very much, I'll forgive you this time," he laughed, seating himself and taking her hand.

She took her hand away quickly and jumped to her feet in indignation.

"How can thee jest at such a moment?" she cried.

He rose and followed her.

"I shouldn't have jested," he said, humbly. "Lucy, you are not a city girl—and I'm glad of it—but you are apt to judge things too much on appearance."

Lucy turned and looked at him with a pathetic seriousness in her eyes.

"Until this morning, Harry," she said, "I wanted to be a city girl. I thought the little town where I have lived was a pitiful place."

"But it had you in it," Harry reminded her, gently.

"I am beginning to understand," Lucy said, "that here appearances are everything—but there isn't any everything. In the country, there is everything—and that takes the deceit from the appearance."

"Why, you're a genuine little philosopher," Harry said.

"We have the blue sky in the daytime back there," Lucy continued, "and here thee have clouds and smoke. There we have the stars at night, here

thee have electric signs. There we get up at sunrise and the little birds sing us a welcome from the trees, but here—"

"Here the folks stay up until sunrise and eat the little birds before that," Harry finished for her. "You don't want a city home, then, Lucy?"

"I want a home where the heart does not have to be hidden," she told him.

"And so do I. I want a real home, with the best little girl in the world as my wife."

There was no mistaking his meaning. Lucy looked at him for half a minute, then said:

"When thee have explained, Harry."

CHAPTER XI.

FIFTEEN minutes later Count von Fitz cautiously crept beneath the window and whistled. Mrs. Blazes did not answer. He whistled louder. Still no answer.

"If you are gone, I'm glad," he said. "Cheer me by not replying."

But no such cheer was in store for him. Mrs. Blazes noiselessly opened the window and whispered:

"Sh! Be careful! Did you get my hat?"

"Not yet," the Count told her. "Dey haff to make him. I vouldn't trust dot Daffie woman. I vent to anudder hat place. Der name is T'erese."

"But they won't know the model," Mrs. Blazes feared.

"I eggsplain him perfectly. I tell her a shape like a smashed balloon, yellow on der outside mit a garden of red puppies."

"Red poppies, you silly man!"

"Puppies or poppies—dey look chust as bad to me from now on."

"You'd best go right back and stay there until it is finished," Mrs. Blazes suggested.

"No. I told dem to sent it here, so I make sure I get it."

"That's good," she said, with a tone of relief.

"Now you come right oud und ven der hat comes I giff it to you, und avay you go."

"Come out?" she asked, sarcastically. "Am I an aeroplane?"

"Lissen. Make a rope yet, und I pull you oud."

"An idea!" she exclaimed with delight. "I'll tear up the sheets and things in here, tie them together in a rope, and let myself down."

"Splendid! I go und vatch for der messencher mit der hat."

The Count strolled away, while she closed her window.

A young couple came walking slowly through the flower garden. It was Pigeon and Carolyn. The twilight spell had been cast upon them. Arm in arm, silently they strolled until they neared the bench.

Suddenly Pigeon said:

"Let's sit down here. I've got to see Harry through his racket, you know"—evidently continuing a conversation which had lapsed some moments before—"but after that—"

He looked down into Carolyn's eyes.

"After that?" she asked, softly.

For Carolyn had all a woman's intuition, in spite of her few years, and she diagnosed the symptoms of an approaching proposal. She did not intend to accept him, but no woman will allow a proposal to get away from her. Proposals to a woman are as the scalps the Indian brave ties to his war belt.

"After that," said Pigeon, beginning to sit down, "I can look after my own affairs. And I—"

An ominous, ripping sound came. Mrs. Blazes was beginning to make her rope, but the young couple, of course, knew nothing of that. Pigeon straightened up with a jerk and tried to look unconscious. He did not know what had given way. Carolyn tried to smooth over his embarrassment by saying:

"Isn't it a lovely evening?"

Then she began to sink gracefully upon the seat, when an even more ominous ripping sound was heard. Carolyn abandoned her project with due and proper suddenness, while Pigeon mopped his brow, and said, in flustered tones that he tried to make sound matter-of-course:

"I thought earlier to-day that we might have some rain."

He lifted his foot to rest it carelessly upon the bench, not caring to try to sit down any more, but with the movement came a terrific rip as though something had torn loose forever.

He dropped his foot and tried to whistle a popular air.

Carolyn looked the other way and became nervous.

"I can't do a thing with my hair to-night," she observed, lifting her hands to pat it into shape.

R-r-r-rip!

Her arms dropped to her sides, soldierwise.

"I think," Pigeon said, desperately, "that the evening is the most pleasant time of the day."

He sat down, in spite of the ripping that still sounded.

"Won't you be seated?" he asked politely.

Carolyn slowly, carefully allowed herself to sit beside him, and to her evident relief there was no further sound of ripping.

"Isn't it funny," Pigeon said, "how lonesome a fellow gets at this time of the evening, if he is all alone?"

"Now, don't get sentimental," Carolyn countered, tapping him playfully on the shoulder.

Simultaneously with her movement there was a sudden, short rip. She drew back in confusion.

"Is it wrong to get sentimental?" Pigeon asked carelessly, dropping his arm along the back of the seat behind her, and at the same time hearing another vicious rip. He pulled his arm back as though his hand had encountered a pin.

"It's silly to be sentimental," Carolyn declared, without a motion of any sort. By this time she was afraid even to turn her eyes toward him.

"I'm silly, am I?" Pigeon asked, sulkily.

"I didn't say that," she answered.

"You did!"

"I didn't!"

"You did, and I can prove it!"

"I didn't and I can prove it!"

Pigeon attempted to arise haughtily, but—r-r-r-rip!—and he sat down again.

"I suppose," he said to her, pettishly, "you think I can't do anything?"

"You can't!" she replied, pouting, for she was angry because of the ripping, and naturally wanted to vent her wrath on the nearest object, which in this instance happened to be the poor youth. "You can't. Doing nothing is the best thing you do."

"Boarding school wit!" Pigeon retorted. "Oh, well, there are plenty of other girls!"

"And don't you forget, Mister Williams," she snapped, with a heavy accent on the "Mister," "that there are plenty of other men!"

She brought out the word "men" with all the emphasis and meaning necessary to convey to him the idea that she regarded him as a boy.

Then she arose, utterly ignoring a terrific ripping noise, and strode into the house with the cold, heartless tread of a princess. But as she went up the steps, Pigeon, had he been watching, would have seen her clutching nervously at her skirt, while the ripping went merrily on.

Pigeon got up with an air of gloom, grasping his belt in a tight clutch, and marched off, his steps being timed by staccato rips, which he did not locate as coming from the room wherein was Mrs. Blazes.

And in that room Mrs. Blazes was feverishly tearing and tying strips of sheets and towels and table covers together, all unconscious that in her strenuous efforts to effect her escape she was creating the first bump upon the pathway of a young love—but then love, as Mr. Shakespeare observed long, long ago, never did run smooth.

CHAPTER XII.

Mrs. Blazes opened her window silently, and lowered to the ground a rope that was fearfully and wonderfully made. She had used everything and anything, from pillow slips to the cords of the portieres. She had enough rope to let her out of a six-story building, instead of from a window a scant twelve feet from the ground. The end of the rope she tied to a table near the window. Then she looked down anxiously.

"It is dangerous," she sighed.

The Count wandered into view. He was growing weary for the hat. At sight of the rope he brightened up.

"Jump oud," he suggested.

"Silly!" she said; "I've got to climb down. Steady the rope."

He took hold of the lower end and straightened the rope against the building.

"But how in the world am I to climb down?" she demanded.

"Led yourselluf oud slow, und den slide for life," he told her, but she protested, and their argument grew more intense. She was afraid to trust herself to the frail means of reaching the earth, and he was insistent that she should come down at once. In the midst of their talk the front door opened. Mrs. Blazes heard the sound, and darted back from the window, taking the rope in with her so swiftly that she left the Count standing with his hands in the air.

Amos Medders came slowly down the steps, looking intently at the Count, whom he could not recognize in the dark. The Count had not heard him coming and could not understand why Mrs. Blazes had pulled the rope in so suddenly.

Count von Fitz was dumbfounded when he was seized in a grip of iron and the cold tones of Medders came:

"What are thee doing, scoundrel?"

General Blazes came up the walk at that instant. He had his hat in his hand and was still laboring under excitement. When he saw Medders struggling with the Count he leaped into the fray and separated them.

"What's happening?" he asked.

"Well, I am surprised," Medders said. "I thought this foolish little man here was a burglar."

"What foolish little man?" Blazes asked.

"This one they call a Count—this tutor. I thought he was trying to break into the house."

"Wouldn't be surprised if he was," Blazes asserted, vehemently. "Isn't your daughter in there? Isn't Harry's sister in there? These Counts will do anything to capture a girl with money."

"It iss not so!" Count von Fitz sputtered, rubbing his neck.

"Verily, thee has a suspicious look," Medders said to him.

"It's a gam dood thing I happened along," Blazes observed.

"A what, friend?" Medders inquired curiously.

"A gam dood thing—doesn't count, you know when you cuss backwards."

"Verily," Medders said, "there be times when a man could cuss sidewise."

"Well," Blazes said, turning again to Count von Fitz "It's a lucky thing for you there was nothing in the report that you were with my wife to-day. I'm a jealous man. I'm desperate when I'm roused."

"Don't rouse!" the Count begged.

"Once," the General said, "I caught a man flirting with her. What did I do?"

"Vat did you do?" the Count asked, weakly.

"They buried his hat," the General said. "Just his hat! Just—his—hat!"

"Chust his hat!" the Count echoed. Mentally he wondered if it had been a yellow hat with red poppies.

"Thou art a man of wrath, General," Medders said. "Once I grew angry at a man—in my youthful days."

"And what did you do to him, man of peace?" asked the General, laughing, while the Count listened nervously.

"In those days," Medders said, "I was vain of my strength and given to yielding to my angry passions. I went unto this man, and I seized him thus—"

Before the Count could dodge, Medders held him as though in a vise.

"And I said unto him: 'Thou condemned wretch, dost thou not know it is unwise so to conduct thyself in our midst?' And I smote him thus, and I shook him thus"—illustrating upon the helpless Count—"and then I said unto him that if he offended me again I should smite him full sore."

"Please," begged the Count, "please don'd remember anything else!"

"I beg thy pardon," Medders said, contritely. "I did forget myself."

"Come in out of the night air, gentlemen," suggested Harry, who came to the door just then. The trio, smiling over the unconscious way in which Medders had shaken the Count, started in, when a messenger boy arrived.

He carried a large hat box. The Count tried to intercept him, but Harry was as anxious as the Count to get that hat.

"She turned it out quick enough," Harry murmured to himself, paying the boy the seventy-five dollars that was called for on delivery. When the boy had left, Harry chanced to look at the address and read:

"Count Herman von Fitz. Why, this hat isn't for me, after all."

"No," the Count said. "I ordered it, but it isn't for me."

Medders turned and said:

"Is there some mistake, Harry?"

Harry looked at the Count, but that gentleman was pretty well satisfied with the situation and made no move to correct matters.

"No, there isn't any mistake," Harry said.

"Did I understand aright," Medders asked, "that thee are paying seventy-five dol ars for that hat?"

"I did—without taking chloroform, too," Harry ruefully acknowledged.

"Some hats are worth that much," the Count remarked.

"Sure!" boomed the General. "My wife often spends more than that for a hat."

"Is it for thy sister, Harry?" Medders asked, casually.

"I don't know if it will fit her," Harry answered, non-committally.

"Wouldst thee let us see it?" Medders asked. "Truly, a hat worth that much must be a wonderful thing."

Here the Count nervously interposed, afraid that the General would become aroused if he saw the hat.

"Ach, no. Der night air might spoil it!"

"I confess I am curious to see it," Medders said. "Ah, what forms the vanity of women and the foolishness of men do take!"

From the house came the lank form of Socrates Primmer. In his hand he carried the hatbox which all day he had been endeavoring to open in the presence of Lucy.

"What is the trouble?" he asked.

"No trouble at all—until you came," Harry replied, drily.

"Harry has simply been doing what I have often done," General Blazes explained. "He has bought a hat."

Primmer glanced at the hat box Harry held, and then looked at his own.

"This, then, is for his wife?" he inquired, sadly.

"What?" the General said, misunderstanding Primme . "Another man buy a hat for my wife? How dare you!"

Primmer shrank away from him.

"Nay," Medders soothed. ' The hat Harry has is for his sister, Carolyn."

"No," Harry corrected him, fearing some further complication. "The fact is, I was going to give the hat to Lucy—with your permission, Mr. Medders. But I didn't like to ask your permission before all the others here."

"Bully for you, Harry!" the General beamed. "You couldn't do a finer thing."

Primmer lapsed into a fit of dejection.

"Alas!" he sobbed. "Homer was right when he said:

> 'Alas, faint hope I leaned upon!
> Alas, thou too art dead and gone!'"

"Cheer him up!" General Blazes suggested. "Let him see your present for Lucy."

"I, too, have a present for Lucy," Primmer said.

"Thee hast?" Medders asked. "What is it, Socrates?"

"A hat," Primmer announced.

Harry leaped to a conclusion. Instantly he coupled Primmer with the mysterious man who had bought the duplicate hat at Mlle. Daphne's.

"Let's see it," he said.

He opened Primmer's hat box, and one glance was enough to confirm his suspicion. He dropped the lid quickly, took the box from Primmer's unresisting hold, and said:

"I'll take your hat to Lucy. She'll be "

"No. I shall present it to her myself," Primmer declared, taking the box from Harry.

"All right," Harry said. "Don't let any one profane that hat by seeing it until it gets to the one for whom it is intended. And neither will I with mine. You won't let any one see it?"

"Surely not," Primmer agreed.

"All right. That's a sacred compact. Let's all go in now."

And as he ushered them into the house Harry said things to himself because of his foolishness in paying seventy-five dollars for a hat when the duplicate was in the house all the time.

"And," he growled, "I've still got one coming from Daphne!"

"What did thee say?" Medders asked, as they went into the reception room.

"I was saying that I hoped no one was coming this evening to break up our quiet little party."

CHAPTER XIII.

A SHORT while later Harry left his guests gathered about the piano, singing, and quietly slipped outside. The Count made an excuse and left the room also. Harry went immediately to the front of the house and threw a pebble against Mrs. Blazes' window.

"Sst!" he cautioned, as she appeared.

"Oh, dear! I'm distracted!" she said, almost hysterically.

"How do you think I feel?" he asked. "Listen. I've got the hat. I put it in my sister's room, until I get a chance to give it to you."

"Why can't I have it right away?" she asked.

"Some one would see me getting it to you. We can't take a chance. General Blazes is in there with the rest —don't you hear him singing?"

"Oh, yes. It is such a blessing that the dear old fellow can forget his troubles."

"He'll remember them soon enough."

Around the corner of the house came Count von Fritz, laboriously carrying a long ladder that he had found.

"By gracious!" Harry said. "You're not such a fool after all. Here! I'll help you."

"Now you see," said the Count. "Ve ged her oud."

With infinite pains and as much silence as they could command, they raised the ladder and adjusted it against the window sill. Mrs. Blazes watched the proceeding eagerly.

"Am I to come down on that?" she inquired.

"No," Harry answered, with the sarcasm the occasion required. "We are going to train a morning glory vine on this."

"Smarty!" she sniffed at him. "That's just like a man!"

"Be careful, and be quiet. Get out on the ladder and creep down," Harry told her.

Mrs. Blazes stepped on a chair and planted herself on the window-sill. She was just swinging a neatly-shod foot over to the ladder when Harry hissed:

"Get back! For the love of Mike, get back!"

She fairly fell back into the room, and as she did so, Harry and the Count dropped their ladder to the ground among the shrubbery and dashed around the corner.

The irrepressible Carolyn had come to the front steps, adorned in a splendid hat of yellow straw, wreathed with gorgeous red poppies. Behind her came Pigeon Williams, his eyes drinking in the beauties of the girl and the hat.

"Say," he remarked, "that's a peach of a hat. Where'd you get it?"

"I found it in my room," she said. "Harry must have meant it as a surprise for me. Now I'm going to surprise him when he finds out I've found it. Let's stroll in the garden."

Nothing loath, the enamored Pigeon accepted the invitation Harry and the Count peeped around the corner of the house, with grimaces of wrath and despair.

"Never mind," Harry whispered. "We've still got a hat up our sleeves."

General Blazes came from the door, bidding the others good-night.

"Tell Harry I'm sorry I had to hurry off," he said. "My wife will surely be at home by this time, worrying herself sick over my absence."

As he descended the steps Daphne Daffington, breathless, came up the walk. In her hand she carried a hat box containing the hat she had rushed to completion as a favor to Harry. That worthy and Count von Fitz nudged each other as they saw the General and the little milliner meet.

"General!" said Daphne, dropping the box and clasping her hands.

"I VANT TO SAY CHOOSE DISS," SAID THE COUNT ... I VANT TO SAY 'BLESS YOU, MY CHILDREN!' BY ALLOWING MISS LUCY TO ACCEPT A TRIFLE TOKEN OF MY GOOD VISHES, I DER SWEETEST, DER TRUEST GIRL I SHOULD FIND IN AMERICA

UND I CAN'T MAKE YOU A PRESENT OFF A HAT, BUT IFF YOU VILL HONOR ME, MR. SWIFTON,
VILL GIFF HER DISS RING. I VASS KEEPING IT TO GIFF TO DER MOST BEAUTIFUL,
I HAFF FOUND HER—UND NOW I LOSE HER TO YOU"

"Daphne!" exclaimed the General. The window above opened slowly and Mrs. Blazes peeped out upon the tableau.

"So!" the General said, bitterly. "Flirting, were you! And with that scrub of a Dutch count!"

"Loafer vat he iss!" mumbled the Count, and Harry clapped his hand over the Count's mouth in fear of being discovered.

"Any woman," said the General, sternly to Daphne, "ought to be ashamed of being seen with him."

Daphne looked about her for some way of escape. But the General went on:

"And this ring you gave me! His ring! His ring that he—Didn't he give you this very ring?"

"No," Daphne answered, nervously. "He didn't give it to me, General. He—he wished it on."

"Well I'll bet you the scoundrel doesn't wish it on any other woman!"

The General tore the offending ring from his finger and threw it away. It rolled directly to the Count, who grasped it fervently and whispered to Harry:

"For diss I forgif him all der rest!"

Harry kicked him, as a gentle signal for silence.

"I suppose," the General accused her, "you are back here looking for him, eh?"

Lucy opened the door and looked out, evidently wondering where Harry might have gone. She thought he would be waiting for her on the lawn bench. Seeing the General and Daphne she drew back, but she heard his question about the hat, and Daphne's answer.

"No," Daphne said, "I bought this hat for Harry Swifton."

Lucy silently came down the steps and stood in the shadows.

"What?" the General asked. "Is he getting up a hat trust? He must think a lot of that little fiancee of his."

"Oh," Daphne explained carelessly, "it isn't for her. He told me it was for another woman."

Daphne passed the General, first picking up the hat box, and tripped up the steps and through the open doorway. The General walked away, shaking with laughter and chuckling:

"Harry is up to his old tricks."

Harry, from his place of concealment, was about to rush forth and speak to Lucy, but this time the Count restrained him. Lucy stood and sighed:

"Oh, Harry!"

Primmer appeared, still lugging his hat box. He almost fell down the steps, at seeing Lucy alone at last.

"My time has arrived!" he said, ecstatically. "My poor, poor Lucy! I have tried so hard to see you alone. Here! Let me present you this slight token of my affection—this hat! Wear it for my sake!"

He was surprised by the eagerness with which Lucy seized the box from his hands.

"A hat! Yes!" she exclaimed. "Give it to me. Yes, I will wear it!"

Primmer was about to burst forth into rapturous words, when she said:

"Nay! Do not speak to me! Leave me, I beg!" and rushed into the house.

Primmer followed her in, bewilderment holding him dumb for once.

Daphne came out of the door, saying:

"Well! They're all going crazy here. I can't find any one who will listen to me at all."

Harry came from his hiding place and said:

"Did you want to see me?"

"Yes. Here's your hat. Now, let's have our dinner, Harry."

"It's no use, Daphne," he told her. "I can't accept your kind invitation. You're a couple of years late with it. I'll pay you any price for the hat, but—"

Daphne came down to him and looked at him with amazement.

"You don't mean that, Harry, do you?" she said. "Why, don't talk about the cost of the hat. It's the dinner I want."

Lucy again came to the door. She wanted to find Carolyn and tell her that she was going home. Now she saw Harry and the milliner. Daphne refused to be convinced by Harry's shaking of his head, and said:

"To think of you treating me like that! After all I've done for you."

"Yes, Miss Daphington, I know," Harry replied, soberly.

"Oh, Harry! How can you be so cold and cruel?" Daphne asked.

"No," Harry said, decisively. "That's all off the slate now. I'm engaged to be married to the dearest little girl in the world, and all this fluffing business is out for good."

"Is that so?" Daphne whipped out, angrily. "Suppose she knew about that other woman who is hiding in your room!"

Lucy gasped, and clutched her hands together.

"For heaven's sake, don't talk so loud!" Harry begged.

"Of course General Blazes is a good friend of yours," Daphne sneered, "but he might not relish it to hear that his wife—"

"Stop right there!" Harry ordered. "Don't pretend that you don't know I am perfectly innocent in this whole thing. You know how I accidentally ran over her this morning. You know that you, yourself, sent to this house a duplicate of that hat, and that I never met the woman before in my life. And you came here to see her and that was how you happened to be in that room with her. And you know that everything I have done, and all the lies I have told, and all the suspicions I have endured, have been because of my honest effort to protect her good name."

"Still, appearances are against you," Daphne argued.

Lucy smiled with joy, however.

Amos Medders strolled out and saw Lucy.

"Daughter," he said, "art thou not afraid of catching cold?"

Harry and Daphne turned, almost guiltily.

"Why, bless my soul!" Harry said. "I didn't see you folks come out."

"I just came," Lucy told him. "And what art thee getting, Harry?"

"He's buying a hat," Daphne said.

"What? Another hat?" Medders asked.

"Oh—er—yes, certain y," Harry replied.

"And for Lucy?"

"If you will let me give it to her, sir."

"What? Two? Why, Harry, my boy, thee art extravagant."

"Two?" Lucy asked.

"I wanted you to have your choice, Lucy," Harry said.

Daphne maliciously opened the box and placed the hat on Lucy's head. From her window Mrs. Blazes watched the proceeding in abject despair.

"Thank you, Miss Daphington," Harry said, taking control of the s tuation. "I'll let you hear from me to-morrow."

"Good-evening all," Daphne said, sweetly, and left.

Mr. Medders, Harry and Lucy went in, but Lucy kept Harry back far enough to squeeze his arm and tell him he was a dear.

CHAPTER XIV.

WAITING until the coast was clear, Count von Fitz came from his hiding place and discreetly lifted the ladder.

"Wait a minute," he said to himself. Quietly he went into the house, and as quietly reappeared in a few moments, carrying the hat box which Lucy had taken from Primmer, and which she had left in the hallway.

"Brains in der head beats cash in der pocket," he moralized.

He wedged the hatbox under his arm and crawled up the ladder to the window. Tapping gently upon it, he almost fell off the ladder when Mrs. Blazes swung it open.

"Be careful, voman!" he urged. "If I fall off diss ladder on diss hat you stay in diss house for life."

"Give me the hat! Give me the hat!" Mrs. Blazes exclaimed.

"Giff me my ring," the Count replied.

She slipped his ring from her finger and offered it to him hastily. But, with one hand clutching a round of the ladder and the other about the hatbox, he was hardly in a position to take it.

"How can I?" he sputtered. "It iss a ring, not der mumps."

"Put the hat in the window; then you can take the ring," she advised.

"Und den you get der hat and giff me der laugh?"

"Nonsense!" she answered. "I never want to see your ring, or you again!"

"Der same to you, und many off dem," he retorted, swinging the hat-box around and trying to shove it through the window. She caught hold of it, also, but it was too wide to go through the opening. In the effort to force it through the Count lost his balance and came perilously near going down with a crash. He saved himself by clutching the window frame, however. Mrs. Blazes fretfully said:

"Clumsy! Let me show you."

She untied the string on the box, took off the lid and took out the hat. She let the box drop to the ground, and with a little scream of delight stepped back into the room and hurriedly donned the hat.

"It's a perfect duplicate!" she said, happily. Then, while the Count was descending the ladder she started to climb out of the window, but the Count stopped her.

"My ring, iff you blease!" he said.

"For goodness sake! Take it and let me go!"

She thrust the ring into his hand, and he ran down the ladder and steadied it at the bottom. Mrs. Blazes carefully crept from the window, with much manipulation of her skirts, and anxiously let herself down a rung at a time. When she was half way down she cried:

"Oh! I'm scared! I'm going back!"

She started up the ladder again, and the Count almost fainted. He shook the ladder violently and threatened:

"Iff you go up anudder round, I upset it!"

Timorously, she came down, and at last stood on the ground.

"Oh! How heavenly it is to be free!" she exclaimed.

Up the walk again stormed the General, and Mrs. Blazes at sight of him screamed, and would have climbed the ladder had not the Count caught her arm and restrained her.

General Blazes had not found her at home, and had returned to hold counsel with Harry as to the best way to locate her. And now he found her in the company of the Count, on Harry's lawn, with a ladder leading to a window in Harry's house.

"Aha!" he shouted.

"Merciful heavens! My husband!" she wailed.

"Und he only buries nodding of dem but deir hats!" the Count reflected, keeping Mrs. Blazes between him and the General.

"So!" the General roared, confronting her. "This has been your plan, has it?" He turned on the Count vindictively. "Trying to inveigle my wife to climb into that house!"

"My dear, you are wrong!" Mrs. Blazes wept. "Listen a moment, and I can explain."

"Wrong? Explain? Woman, I see it all now! You have planned an elopement with this—this pretzel!"

"Bretzel! Ach Gott! Und I must stand dis!" the Count fumed.

"What?" Mrs. Blazes demanded. "I elope with that?"

She pointed a scornful finger at the Count.

"Don't try to palaver me!" the General shouted.

All this noise and shouting of course was heard by those in the house, and first Harry came running out, followed by Lucy and her father.

"What in the world is happening?" Harry asked, rushing up to the excited trio.

"I have trapped this wretch!" General Blazes yelled, indicating the Count with a gesture of his clenched fist.

Harry, helpless, looked from one to the other. Mrs. Blazes, desperate, glanced at him and said:

"Mr. Swifton can explain. I have nothing more to say."

She assumed an air of supreme indifference to whatever fate might hold in abeyance for her.

"Well, Harry," the general said, "if it's up to you, tell me how this happened."

"Tell you how what happened?" Harry asked, dazedly.

"How does it happen that I find my wife trying to climb into your house, assisted by this—noodle."

"Noodle! Gott in Himmel! I forget myselluf yet!" the Count gritted between his teeth.

"Oh! What? Trying to climb into my house?" Harry repeated, brushing

his hand over his brow. "Why—why—it must have been some kind of a joke, general. Yes—surely it was some kind of a joke."

"Joke!" the General blurted out.

"But why should she want to get into thy house, Harry?" Lucy asked, with a bit of mischievousness, for now she knew the whole story.

"Yes!" the General barked, turning to his wife. "Why should you want to get into his house?"

Mrs. Blazes saw light ahead.

"My dear, if you will only be calm, I will tell you everything. I know you will think I am a foolish woman—but, darling, I have been jealous of you."

"Jealous of me?" said her liege lord.

"Forgive me!" she pleaded. "But when I heard those reports about you, I—"

"Reports? What reports?"

"That you were infatuated with a milliner—Mlle. Daphne."

"I? I infatuated with a milliner?" the General asked, with a look of terribly injured innocence. "I? Ridiculous!"

"And I saw her enter this house this afternoon," Mrs. Blazes continued, "and then I heard that you were here—and oh, darling, forgive me!—I came to spy on you!"

"Perfectly amazing!" Harry said to himself. "I'm in the primary class, compared to her."

"Why," the General said. "My own little pet!" He took his wife into his arms. "I—I forgive you! I want you to forgive me. The idea of my giving you even a moment's unhappiness of that kind!"

"T-take me ho-home!" pleaded Mrs. Blazes, from the shelter of his shoulder.

The twain, reunited, went slowly down the walk and into the street.

Mr. Medders observed that Harry and Lucy looked as though they had something to say to each other, and said to the Count:

"The young man whom they call Pigeon is sitting in the summer house with Carolyn, and Cousin Socrates is again in the attic writing a sonnet. Wilt thou come in with me and see if thee can find a cigar?"

"I thank you, from my heart," the Count replied. "But I haff some writing to do—und iff you excuse me, I go down to der hotel now."

"Then I will say farewell, until we meet again," Medders observed, shaking the Count's hand and returning to the house.

Count von Fitz stood before Harry and Lucy a moment.

"I vant to say choost diss," he stated, "I vant to say 'Bless you, my children!' Und I can't make a present off a hat, but iff you vill honor me, Mr. Swifton, by allowing Miss Lucy to accept a liddle token of my good vishes, I vill giff her diss."

He slipped his fingers into his pocket and produced a little case, which he opened and then took out a ring—not such a ring as either of the ones he had recovered—but a beautiful cluster of diamonds surrounding a ruby.

"Diss," he said, "is a ring I vas keeping to giff to der most beautiful, der sweetest, der truest girl I should find in America. I haff found her—und now I lose her, because you found her, Mr. Swifton."

He dropped the ring into Lucy's hand, and was gone.

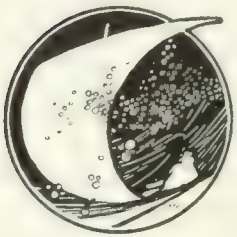
Harry led Lucy to a seat.

"Now," he said, "I'm ready to explain."

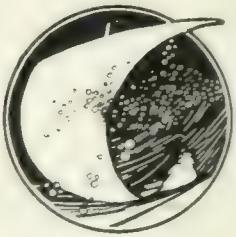
"Nay," Lucy said, happily. "Thee need not explain now, Harry, dear. I know all thee would tell me of that. Tell me something else."

And he told her.

The end.



"Paw, Lemme Go Campin'?"



By Arthur G. Penny

Illustrated from Photographs

IT'S as inevitable a question as Hamlet's immortal query about "to be or not to be," or that other inquiry concerning the age of Ann. Generally it comes along in early April when the first strawberry leaves are pushing up downy pink fingers and the wild geese move north, honking coaxingly.

"Paw, kin I go campin'?"

"No," says Paw, glancing over the top of his newspaper, if he be old enough to have forgotten his camping days, and after that it is up to Maw's ingenuity to burrow beneath the wall that direct battery has failed to break. But if he be wise, he vouchsafes a judicial smile and remarks oracularly, "We'll see."

After that, Jim repeats the question whenever the sky is clear, and it grows increasingly harder for Maw to get him to help with the ashes and the garden.

"No, I ain' goin' to be home to supper," he says after lunch. "Goin' to pitch for the Antelopes to-night say, maw, where's m' glove? I left it right here on the piano last week. Lyle Dusebury's is ripped. Say, Lyle is goin' campin' up on the Lonesome river this summer. Some fishin' up there, believe *me*. Lyle's got it pretty soft. . . . Aw, no, I ain't got time to do any spadin'—you jus' work me to death, anyway."

And he goes out, whistling, to return after dark and ravage the pantry with the healthy appetite of youth sharpened by three hours' vigorous exercise in the pitcher's box. Work? You couldn't get any out of him with a monkey-wrench. But he will play himself out to the last ounce cheerfully.

The problem is to get a variety of work that is play; that will while interesting him, build out his chest, square up his rather uncertain shoulders, fill in his upper ribs and stand him up straight on his legs like a man. And Paw and Maw, going into committee of the whole, after the supper dishes are washed up, decide that the answer is camping

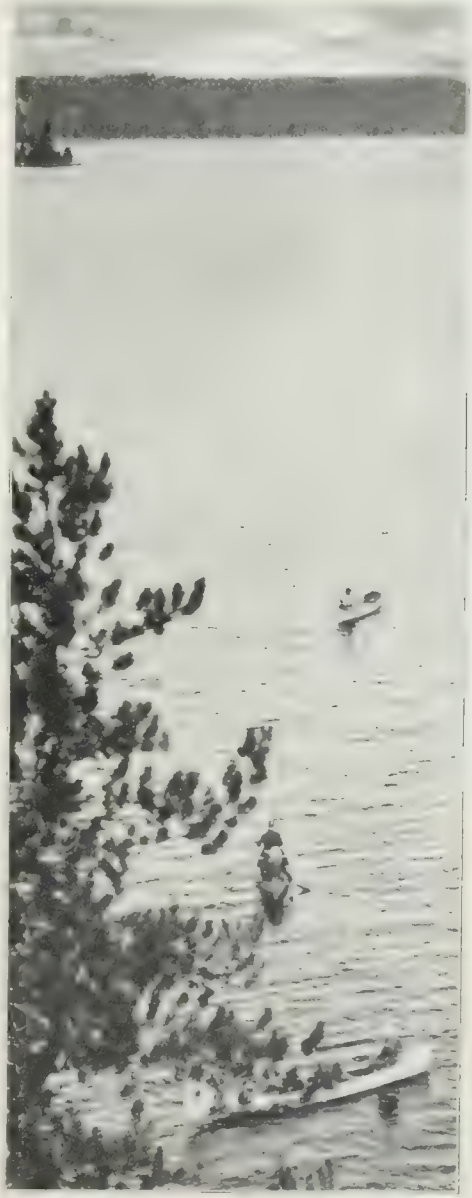
Or perhaps the problem varies a little. Perhaps the family is going to Europe and are not sure that the exciting hurry of hotel life and the indigestible edibles of hotel menus are the best things for growing lads. Perhaps the particular Jim in the case has been sickly during the winter, or has been backward in his studies and

requires some extra work to keep him up to his class mates, or he lacks decision and needs to get out from under the parental wing and shift for himself a bit, with a watchful eye to see that he does not go astray.

In these circumstances, there is nothing better for a boy than a vacation camp, and in the lake region of Ontario there are many that offer a good time and wholesome exercise. In them, the boys live under canvas, and get away from civilization. Which the average boy, being a young savage by nature, enjoys above everything. Discipline is maintained by competent instructors who act as counselors and companions in recreation hours, but will give as much or as little schooling as individual cases call for. Caesar develops a novel charm when translated among the pines; and geometry as illustrated by a little practical survey work becomes interesting as the boy discovers its worth in actual accomplishment. The farther removed from civilization the camp is, the more engrossing becomes the problem of food, shelter and warmth and the more valuable the wood-craft training which is a special feature of this "school of the woods."

There is no country that is more interesting as a playground for the camper than Canada, offering as it does such a magnificent wilderness of land and water, forest, mountain and river, lake and stream. Gamy fish and numerous species of waterfowl and larger animal life abound. Deer, moose, caribou, an occasional bear grubbing in an old log may be glimpsed by the excited city lad. Mink, beaver, otter, haunt the streams and may be seen by the shrewd watcher. At night a lonely wolf may uplift his howl among the maples, or an old dog-fox bark across a valley to his mate that he is returning with a kill. Cutting across a wooded point the boy may whirr up an indignant mother partridge and, if he is quick of eye, may discover her groundling nest or her brood of little deadleaf chicks that are marvellous in their ability to hide beneath a chip, or a bit of moss, or directly on the open ground from which he cannot distinguish them, so still they lie. To the town boy, the woods life is a revelation.

Among the principal districts of the Dominion that appeal to the lover of out-of doors, Ontario occupies a prominent position, and several popular localities in this province are becoming better known each year. Such is the territory known as the "Highlands of Ontario"; those most suitable for



THE SUNDOWN FLEET SETS OUT FROM CAMP TEMAGAMI FOR AN AFTER-SUPPER PADDLE

camping and canoeing, however, being the Temagami Forest Reserve, the Algonquin National Park of Ontario, the Lake of Bays region, Lakes Couchiching and Muskoka, all of which are reached approximately by the Grand Trunk railway, on which hundreds of camper's outfits are carried every year to the point where steamer, canoe or trail becomes the highway of the wilderness and the young discoverers make the acquaintance of tump-line and paddle and learn the exact weight of a duffle-pack.

The oldest, and one of the most famous camps of the continent, is Keewaydin, an American camp situated on Devil's Island in Lake Temagami in the heart of the Temagami Forest Reserve. To this camp come every year a large number of American boys, chiefly drawn from the preparatory schools and hailing from a dozen large cities as well as from smaller centres as far west as Minnesota and as far south as Florida. The camp is under the management of Mr. A. S. Gregg Clarke, assisted by a corps of instructors from eastern preparatory schools who have had long experience in the care and training of boys and who are veteran campers. Indian guides are attached to the camp who help to teach the young campers how to handle a fly-rod, paddl a canoe silently, build a cooking-fire, pitch a tent, and the thousand and one tricks of the experienced woodsman.

Temagami Wigwam is the camp for the older boys, Manitou Wigwam for the younger, and the Keewaydin Club accommodates grown-up relatives and friends. The boys divide their time between residence at the permanent camp where canoeing, fishing, and short excursions offer amusement; and long exploring trips into the wilderness. At the permanent camp there are five buildings including the club hou e, sixty-seven paddling and sailing canoes,

TO LOOK AT THE CAMP YOU WOULD SAY IT WAS IN THE HEART OF AN UNTRAVELLED WILDERNESS
YET IT IS ONLY TWO MILES FROM A [illegible]

SOME OF THE TENTS AT AN ONTARIO CAMP, WHICH IS UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF THE TORONTO CENTRAL YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION. ANY BOY OVER THIRTEEN AND OF GOOD CHARACTER IS ELIGIBLE

sail-boats, tennis courts, a baseball diamond, cricket-grounds, a basket-ball field, and facilities for a dozen other out-of-door sports, including a diving tower, swimming rafts, and a water chute. A few of the boys have studying to do in camp in preparation for school or college examinations.

With all these interests, a boy's time is filled indeed. For a whole summer he learns how to swim, canoe, fish, camp, cook over a wood fire, travel without getting lost, how to eat, sleep and take care of himself in the woods, and a thousand secrets of wood-lore. He eats twice as much as a full-grown man. The sun tans him almost to the color of the Indian guides. He scorns the tent at night and grows indifferent to weather conditions. And he learns self-reliance, obedience and foresight.

Another well-known camp is the University School camp, an outgrowth of the school of that name in St. Louis, Missouri. This vacation camp is established on Garden Island, near the centre of picturesque Temagami, and 450 miles north of Toronto. School work is somewhat more prominent here than at Keewaydin, the University School having the right of certification to many of the leading colleges and work accomplished in the summer school being credited. There are two departments, Junior and Senior, as at Keewaydin, boys between ten and fourteen being Juniors. The camp equipment includes rowboats, canoes and a gasoline launch. Under a physical director, boys are trained in all water sports. Tennis, ball-games, canoeing, swimming, exploring and fishing for bass, small pike, dory and lake trout are the chief recreations. The camp is under canvas, except for the headmaster's cottage. Sanitation, proper feeding, and hygiene are especially cared for.

Camp Temagami, on the south arm

AT THE LANDING OF A CAMP IN THE HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO. A GOOD-SIZED LAUNCH IS THE PRIDE OF THIS CAMP, AND OFTEN TAKES A PARTY OF LADS ON LONG EXCURSIONS

of the Lake, was established in 1899 as a place where parents might entrust their boys to the care of responsible men, feeling assured of their safe return after a wholesome vacation. It is affiliated with the Royal Life Saving Society, and a special feature is made of swimming in all its branches, including the safest and best methods of towing a drowning person to land, assisting a tired swimmer, the proper method of behavior when seized with cramps, how to assist another person thus attacked, how to undress in the water, and other feats. No boy who has spent a season in Camp Temagami has ever returned unable to swim. Competent boys are given the different awards of the R. L. S. S., and the swimming and life-saving are taught by the Honorary Instructor in Chief of the Society for Ontario. The camp is divided into senior and junior sections, with a location set apart for old boys and other adult friends who prefer the hospitality of the camp to the more conventional hotel life.

Camp Waubeno is located in Algonquin Park on a rocky, well-wooded island of Cache Lake. The lakes and rivers of the district, while numerous, are generally small and easily navigated. The portages are short, and over good trails. Camp Otter stands on a promontory of Otter Lake, 1,200 feet in altitude, and while apparently in a wilderness is really only two miles from Dorset on the Lake of Bays, and civilization. Camp Couchiching, conducted by the Boys' Club of the Central Young Men's Christian Association of Toronto is the largest and best equipped of the Canadian camps. Fifty-five acres of ground on the banks of Lake Couchiching form the camp grounds, and the fleet attached to the camp is of impressive variety, being composed of a large motorboat, a scow, a large sailing vessel, two war canoes and many row-boats, racing shells, canoes and rafts. A hundred and fifty boys can be accommodated, and the camp is open to any boy of good character and over thirteen years of age. The Toronto University and Young Men's Christian Association furnish most of the directors. Another camp that is popular is Camp Mac, three and a half miles from Penetanguishene and Midland on the west shore of Georgian Bay; and there are many others scattered through the pine woods of Ontario where thousands of lads spend wholesome and pleasant vacations.

After a season in camp, Tom or Jim or Dick comes home in September,

about a week before school begins, brown as an Indian, husky, showing his biceps to his younger brothers, and with paddle callouses on the outside of his wrists and at the bases of his fingers. Eat? He will eat everything that isn't nailed down. Work? He says he can't keep in condition without it. The half-ajar rabbit mouth is gone, and his lips close together in a determined line. There are far-sighted wrinkles about the corners of his eyes, and he carries himself as straight as an arrow. The porch after supper is thronged with the other fellows who weren't lucky enough to go, and mother (she is no longer "Maw" in her young hopeful's vocabulary) hears tag-ends of conversation with strange woods terms in them—what in the world is a "wau-gan-stick?"—and strange names of Cree or Ojibway guides.

There is a springy step at the door, and the last low light of sunset outlines the square shoulders of her boy in silhouette, outlines the erect head with its thatch of hard-brushed but rebellious hair and the straight, flexible waist.

"Going out, Mother," he says easily. "Won't be lonesome, will you? Dad's here now."

"No, son," she says with quick cheeriness. "Have your fun." She does not ask where he is going or when he will return, as she would have done last spring. But as he disappears in the dusk, she listens to his retreating step with a very little, carefully smothered sigh. Her boy is no longer a boy.

THE NORTHLAND

BY IRENE POMEROY SHIELDS

OH! land of the still and silent,
Oh! land of the Manitou,
Grant me share of thy solitude,
While the sands of Time run slow;
For I am worn with stress of life,
Its clamor and striving's vain,
Ambition's rankling crown of thorns,
And error's cross of pain.

Give me the balm of thy fir trees,
Odors of cedar and pine,
A couch of resinous balsam,
And air like a rare old wine,—
And so shall my soul find healing.
While the harper wind sings low,
Who shares in the peace of nature,
Wins foretaste of heaven below.

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Vancouver. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eye

MIDSUMMER

The linden in the fervour of July
Hums with a louder concert. When the wind
Sweeps the broad forest in its summer prime
As when some master-hand exulting sweep
The keys of some great organ, ye give forth
The music of the woodland depths, a hymn
Of gladness and of thank

'TIS "the good old summer time when the leaves are green and long" and some of us are perhaps sighing for a sweep of the cold wind we were grumbling about in May when Spring was so tardy in her coming. It is our queer human way never to be content with what we have but forever to reach out longing arms towards that "green hill far away." We are always looking at the mirage and letting the beauty of the moment flit by unheeded and unappreciated.

Why not, instead of all this, enjoy the golden days of the mid-month of summer which all too soon will melt away into dun autumn, presager of the snows. What more satisfying than, in this month of holidaying to lie beneath the low-bending branches beside some bright stream and idly watch the skimming water beetles, and listen to the low rustling of the leaves, and the singing of the brook, the gentle surge of little wavelets as they gather and break upon the sand? And if you be far from wood and lake the same wind ripples the field, whispering huskily through the ripening grain and powdering the grass by the roadside with summer dust. And if your summer holiday be perforce spent in the hot city, may there not be a god-given hour when you can watch from the shady verandah the golden belted bees go with a pleasant murmuring about your little garden where the flowers of your own planting are making of your small city space a little bit of heaven, or mayhap later, when the stars are out, and the rattle and clatter have died away, there are quiet moments in the hammock under the old tree when all the beauty of the night floods the soul, calming it after the unrest of the day—and all about, the small unseen musicians of the grass, the crickets, are fiddling up to the evening hymn of joy to Nature. What dreams have we dreamed, what visions seen in quiet hours of summer time when man pauses in the heat of the year to take cognizance for awhile of

the beauty around him. With summer and its roses we link that immortal story that will be whispered as long as life lasts—the beautiful old story of young love! Old lovers on summer nights will recall those exquisite moments of happy youth, and the old man, on such a silver evening will turn to his old wife, and with a pressure of the hand bring back the rosy recollections of a far-gone summer—which has deepened from golden fall into a hale winter.

Summer is at her loveliest. As yet, there is no sign of decay around her. The birds have grown more silent, but they have not yet departed. The flowers are blooming about us; the air is fragrant with elusive perfumes. The leaves still retain much of their early tender green and the brook rolls along softly, stopping to gossip round a stone or whisper to the bending willows which turn up their silver sides when the breeze sifts through the leaves.

It is the good old summer-time at its best. Love it, for all too soon it will have departed.

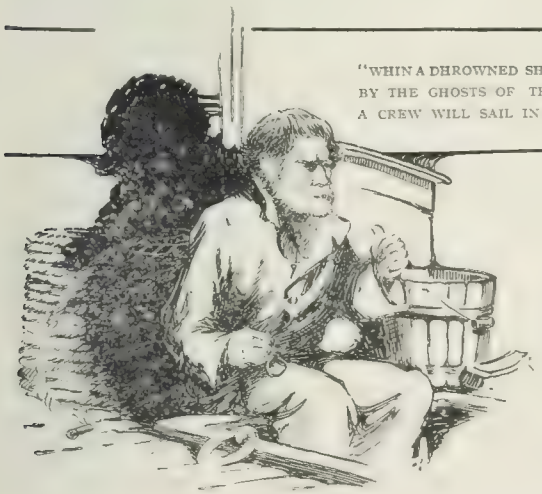
THE FLYING DUTCHMAN OF THE TITANIC

WE all know how superstitious sailors are, therefore it was noted with some wonder that no mention was made of the Flying Dutchman anent the fate of the Titanic. The "Phantom Ship" in that case, proved, alas, to be a substantial vessel which missed the opportunity of doing a mighty deed, and saving many a poor soul.

Once, when the writer lived in one of those barren places bereft of woman as helper in the domestic concerns—a sailor, a regular seasalt, caught inland by some freak of adversity, was installed as butler, cook, chamber-maid and dish-washer for the household—and a better housewife than "old Jimmy" it would be impossible to find. Of evenings it was his way to sit on the back step of our log shanty and tell sea yarns. Ghosts were his preference—sea ghosts. He saw Vanderdecken, the captain of the Flying Dutchman, off the Horn, he told us, with his own eyes the night before his sailing ship was wrecked—Jimmy and two others alone being picked up by some other tramp of the seas some hours later.

"It was a dreadful sight, ma'am"—Jim hailed from the Old Sod—"his sails all set, an' him leppin' through the night as if the Divvle was behind him. An' shure why wouldn't he be? Didn't the ould man (the captain) call him the night he cursed God an' swore he'd make the Horn if he had to go clear through Hell to do it?"

There were other old sea-rovers Jimmy used to tell about in his complaining Irish voice as he swung to and fro on the top step of the ladder that led to upper regions—these were two Danes, pirates who long ago were wrecked off the Solway and used to be



"WHIN A DHROWNED SHIP IS RAISED," JIM SAID, "SHE DO BE HANTED BY THE GHOSTS OF THE MIN WHO WINT DOWN IN HER. DIVVLE A CREW WILL SAIL IN HER"

seen on clear nights by the fishermen riding the seas. No man ever had courage enough to go out to meet them "until two gay buckos"—Jimmy is talking—"who were pot-brave wan night put out in a row-boat to spake the Danes. With that, up come a squall, an' the brigs druv down on them an' took the boat to the bottom. An' the ships was never afther seen in the Solway, but a boat

does be seen manned by a skeleton an' ma'am, whinever the fleshless wrecker crosses a ship, God help her! She's doomed thrue enough whin the figure o' death standin' up in his little boat hails the man at the wheel——"

Jim used to tell, too, of raised ships. —"Whin a dhrowned ship is raised, ma'am," he would say—"she do be hanted be the ghosts of the min who wint down in her. Divvle a crew will sail in her. There was wan they raised wan time, an emigrant ship she was, and they thried to sail her again. But the men heard the screeches an' groans of the dhrowning people in the hull of the ship every night, an' every mother's son of thim left in a body. An,' moreover, the skipper wan night found a dhrowned corp in the berth beside him —the ghost of the ould captain that went down in her, the Lord rest his sowl!"

. . . . . .

VAN DIEMEN AND KING GEORGE

ODDLY enough there is no less credible a witness to the appearance of a true phantom ship than our present King, George V. of England.

MISS PANKHURST PACKADAISICALLY REMARKED THAT "IT WAS THE RULE FOR MEN TO SACRIFICE THEIR LIVES FOR WOMEN

The incident told in "The Cruise of the Bacchante" is that on July 11th, 1881, at four o'clock in the morning, a spectral ship crossed the bows of the vessel in which the present King was cruising with his brother, the late Duke of Clarence. The apparition is thus described:—

"The Flying Dutchman crossed our bows. A strange, red light was seen, as of a phantom ship all aglow, in the midst of which light the masts, spars and sails of a brig two hundred yards distant stood up in strong relief. Thirteen persons altogether saw her, but whether it was Van Diemen or the Flying Dutchman, or who else, must remain unknown. The Tourmaline and Cleopatra, which were sailing on our starboard bow, flashed to ask whether we had seen the strange red light."

An odd coincidence—to say the least—is that six hours later the seaman who was the first to sight this horrifying apparition, fell from the foretop-mast crosstrees and was smashed to pieces.

When we related this to old Jimmy one night when the stars were swinging in a clear sky and in the old man's eye there was the fixed look of one looking afar, he said in his mournful way, "Ma'am, they wouldn't believe an ould seaman, but in troth when a King do be tellin' them they listen with their hats in their hands. As thrue, ma'am,"—he lifted his hand—"as them stars are sailing up there in the sky I saw the ould Dutch brig the night afore we were wrecked round the Horn. There was the same glow—as wan might call it—and, ma'am, her sails were all spread an' you could see through them the sea beyant, an' black it was. Full-rigged she, an' glory be to God—there was no star in the sky ayther as there is to-night—'Tis an odd wurruld, misthress, an' the sea is a quare, quare place, throng with ghosts it is. Manny's the night on my watch I heard the mermaid's keenin'—over the dhrowned men, maybe," he added fearfully.

. . . . .

MORE DEADLY THAN THE MALE

THE English Suffragettes went out of their way—or is this their way?—to belittle the heroic conduct of the men who gave their lives for women

when the mighty Titanic plunged to her dark doom in "the caverns of the sea."

Miss Pankhurst lackadaisically remarked "that it was the rule" for men to sacrifice their lives for women. What rule? Who made it? What made it? Nothing but man's innate sense of chivalry for what is weaker and smaller than himself. I am ashamed for Miss Pankhurst.

Another delightful sister gave it as her opinion that "there was no need to brag about it." I should take some pleasure in watching that lady scuffle for a place on a raft. I greatly fear I would turn down thumbs if she appealed uo me and I was aware of her charming opinions Who bragged? Hardly the dead heroes.

That sort of thing shows that there is a hard side to—woman let us say—not all women. Talking it over with a man the other week, he remarked that Kipling was about right in placing the female as deadlier than the male. "All women the world over got up on their hind legs"—graphic if startling!—"and howled about the injustice of this sentiment," said the man," but Kipling is right. Who is so cruel to a so-called fallen woman as her dear and worthy sister who was never tempted? Who in the old Roman days were quickest at turning the thumb down for the death sentence? Who is hardest of all on women generally? Who is most lovingly insincere? I'd have let her drown," he ended savagely.

The Suffragettes are certainly endearing themselves to everybody.

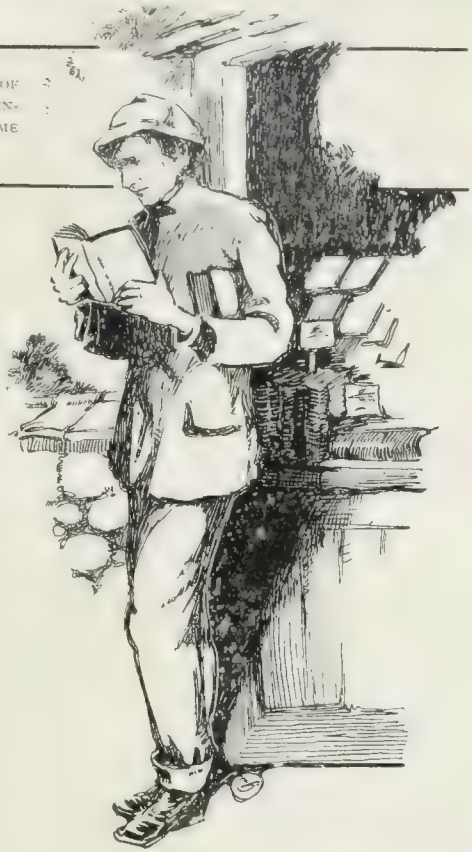
Fortunately for the honor of the sex there were many instances of bravery among the women in those hours of anguish and desolation when despair was settling on the little fleet of rowboats afloat in the night on the great lonely sea.

Not all women are cads.

THE RULING PASSION

THE Titanic was sinking The last of the boats had vanished into the darkness. Two men were standing together in the stern gazing hopelessly into the night. Said one, suddenly, "Will you give me a dollar for what I've got in my pocket?" In that awful moment the other man hesitated. Then the sporting instinct came uppermost. "I'll go you," he said, pulling out his dollar. The first man put his hand in his pocket and drew out a handful of gold, then another—then, before they could move the ship rose in the air and the two rolled, together with their money, down the sloping decks into the sea.

This story was related in a letter which arrived from England lately. It was told by a seaman who went partly down with the ship, came up again, and seizing a bit of wreckage held on until morning in the icy water.



AT THE BOOKSTALL NEAR THE FAMOUS FOUR COURTS OF DUBLIN YOU WILL SEE THE POOR SCHOLAR, SHABBY, ATTENUATED, OUT AT ELBOWS, STANDING READING FROM SOME RARE VOLUME FOR A PENNY AN HOUR

It may be remarked that this individual, when he knew the ship was going, got somewhere beside a bottle of Scotch in the commotion, and helped himself to a large and powerful "horn" of the same. Wherefore he slept—I firmly believe—the hours away until he was rescued. Probably he dreamed the incident related above, or saw it through a dense Scotch mist. He vows, however, that the usquebaugh saved his life, or at least, made him forget his ills.

Let us pray that no ultra-sensitive prohibitionist will take offence at this idle story but take it at face value and let it go for a pipe-dream. Far be it from the humble Pedlar to bring a storm about his unprotected ears, especially a dry storm, since, the scientists tell us lightning is only dangerous when there is no rain.

THE POOR SCHOLAR

THE other day a book-worm picked up, for a penny each a couple of rare volumes from a street barrow near Aldegate in London. One was Sir Thomas Elyot's "Castell of Helth" in black letter, published in the middle of the sixteenth century, and the other was a first edition of "Bradshaw's Guide" (1840). The former was in a slightly mutilated condition, but the lucky collector is about to have the missing portions photographed from a perfect copy, and inserted in his own.

Wonderful are the bargains you can pick up from the book barrows in London and Dublin, especially along the quays in the latter city. Once I bought a good Montaigne for four-pence, and a rare old Gil Blas for six coppers. Here at the book-stalls near the famous Four Courts of Dublin you will see the poor scholar, shabby, attenuated, out-at-elbows, standing reading from some rare volume for a penny an hour. Neither fog nor drizzle deters him from an eager and somewhat pathetic perusal of the page. Many a time I have heard the sigh of the poor student as his hand sought in his pocket for another coin and found it not. Then would the ancient spider, who from under the penthouse of a ragged umbrella kept tale on his row of readers, pounce out on the poor scholar and drive him from the rich pastures on which his famished imagination was grazing, and tall, lean, and solitary, he would shamble away, and drifting into some by-way of the great city, disappear among its tortuous windings.

A VALIANT SOUL

WITH the passing of Agnes Deans Cameron, Canada has lost one of the greatest of her daughters. Under fifty, she had barely reached her intellectual prime, which does not come early to women. She left Victoria to take an editorial position on CANADA MONTHLY and the first success that marked her as one of the "arrived" was made while she was associated with this magazine.

Of sturdy Scots stock, she had that which is so marked in her race—a hidden tenderness of heart. She was always on the side of the under-dog. That woeful being always made appeal to her fine generosity and sympathetic spirit. Her work is characteristic of herself, being strong, sincere and well seasoned with pawky humor. She loved laughter and she loved children. She had a wonderful insight into child nature. I shall never forget how illuminating was her conversation one day on the subject of the heart and mind of a child. It was amazing, coming as it did from a single woman. She saw deeper into the mind of a boy than do most mothers, this capable fine-souled woman of strong personality.

Her literary god was Kipling, whose

every last line she knew by heart. Brave herself, she detested cowardice in others. Sincere to ruggedness, she could not bear affectation or insincerity. She was reticent in dress as in nature, and sane and simple always. I can see her as I write this faint tribute to a grand soul, with her clear gray eyes, her masses of silvery hair thrown back from a lofty brow, and the humor about her lips—she had more than her share of this most precious gift of the gods. One wonders why such as Agnes Deans Cameron are taken so suddenly and why others—the terrible old men and women who line the London Enbankment of a night—are left to drag out tedious days amid poverty and squalor.

"I WANT A HA' PENNY BOOK, IF YOU PLEASE, FOR ME SISTER —" AT THE SOUND OF THE SMALL VOICE THE OLD SPIDER WHO KEPT THE BOOKSTALL WOULD DART OUT AND THRUST "THE CURSE OF THE LEPRECHAUN" AT THE LITTLE PERSON

. . . . .

AND ALL FOR A HA' PENNY

DID you do queer things when you were little? And how comes it that after jouncing along life's rugged road, diverging to some battlefield to fight the bitter fight with the world and emerging scarred but triumphant after shaking your living out of your old adversary—how comes it that the memory of the queer things outlives that of the hardest won battle, and shines pellucid in the mind as the little pool into which you used to throw pebbles and watch them ripple to the bottom?

When we, country little girls, used to visit an aunt who lived in one of those old forgotten cities in Ireland into or out of which no news ever seems to trickle, there was a little old man with a face like the Leprechaun who kept a ha' penny book-stall down an old Spanish built street where once pirates lodged and kissed the pretty red-haired colleens, and then sailed away leaving many a blue eye dim and many a heart broken. Here day in, day out, sat this ancient spider weaving webs in which old ladies and children floundered. Being the younger sister, mine was the heavenly labor to trot to and fro bearing books. The "books" were little flat paper-covered leaflets filled with tales of blood and battle, of ghosts and fairies and phookas.

"I want a ha' penny book, if you please, for me sister—"

At the sound of the small voice, the Spider would shoot out of his little sentry box and glower at the very little person. Then he would snatch the ha' penny and thrust "The Curse of the Leprechaun, or, The Fearful Fate of the Fisherman's Bride" on the little person, and she would race for her life. Half an hour later she would promptly re-appear.

"Me sister says she read this before, and would you please take it back and send her another ?" The Spider would glare fearfully again, grasp the book she held up, view it top and bottom, inside and out, and then give her "The Ghoul; or, The Haunted Grave in the Gaol Yard."

Off went the little person again, only to reappear, just as soon as "me sister" had gobbled the story up with a timid request for another one.

And the grim old Spider, who, viewed through the mellow spectacles of time, must have been a good-hearted old Spider, would hand out—"The Witch-light of the Bog; or, The Rapparee's Ghost."

Back and forth went the small person, delivering and returning books—then the crowning insult came:—

"Me s'ster says please she has read all the stories and doesn't want to keep any of them and will you please give me a ha'porth of apples."

And the old Spider, glaring more fearfully than ever, and cursing to himself in Irish, would dive into his sentry box and reappear with five little green apples, one of them bad, and the small person would happily depart. I may add that she never was permitted to read one of the stories and got the bad apple for her pains—but

O for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still !

THE WALTZ SONG

BY KATHERINE TRENT

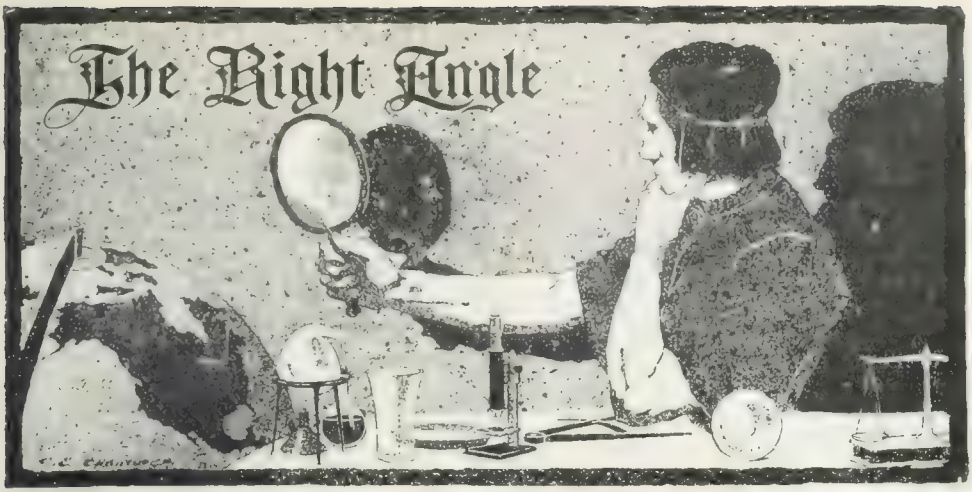
'TWAS the same sweet waltz that we danced to,
So long - so long ago !
I closed my eyes as the music thrilled
Through my heart, for I loved you so.

'Twas the waltz with the minor strains, dear,
And it brought you back to me,
And the hot tears stung my eyelids
Like the brine from an endless sea.

And the music swayed the throng, dear heart,
As it swayed us two before
When our souls kept time in unison,
And our feet scarce touched the floor.

I wonder if ever you hear it,
And think of me, dear, again,
And the last time we danced together
To the lilt of its minor strain.

'Twas the waltz with its minor strains, dear,
And it brought you again to me,
And the hot tears stung my eyelids
Like the brine from an endless sea.



AGNES DEANS CAMERON

WHEN CANADA MONTHLY was a little experiment of a magazine, with not very much reading matter and less advertising, Agnes Deans Cameron sat at a desk in one corner of the editorial office among piled up papers and manuscripts, and helped to create those first thin numbers with "Canada West" on the cover. That was the first year after Miss Cameron left Victoria and it seems only a short time ago, yet the career begun then was crowded full with achievement. Into the few years of her literary life, Miss Cameron put so much fine talent, with so splendid an energy behind it, that before their close her name stood out in conspicuous favor before the reading public of two nations.

Miss Cameron never forgot the days of her literary beginnings, and later, after she had gone overseas, through all her journeyings, she always had a deep interest in the growth and development of CANADA MONTHLY. Because of this, and because of her humorous, salty personality, Agnes Deans Cameron's death, in the prime of her usefulness, touches us with a sense of personal loss that many others in Canada will share.

A DREAMER IN STEEL

WHEN an advertising man, single-handed, for five years has added an average of one factory every three months to the resources of his municipality, and increased the manufacturing output from $150,000 annually to over $6,000,000; when he has increased the number of men employed by industries from 100 to 2,200, the number of telephones installed from 75 to 650, put in two street railway systems and transformed a sleepy little village of eighteen hundred people into a bustling manufacturing city of 7,000 souls, he is more than an advertising man—he is a genius.

These are the cold figures of what has happened at Welland, Ontario, between the years of 1906 and the end of 1911, and the man who did it is B. J. McCormick, a young Michigander who saw the possibilities in the town and proceeded to develop them while the conservatives stood about and said how undignified it was to advertise.

In 1906 Welland was in exactly the same spot on which it stands to-day. The new Welland Canal ran through the heart of the city; Niagara Falls was only twelve miles away; seven railroads were within arm's reach; busy factories were at a short distance; New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Washington and Pittsburg were over-night by train. Cheap electrical power at $12.00 per horse-power was Welland's; cheap gas at 25 cents per thousand. Water and rail transportation were no better anywhere. Yet Welland was on the dead list, until B. J. McCormick came to town.

Now McCormick was a real estate man, accustomed to estimating the advantages of a municipality. He

looked over the sleepy little burg, talked to the Oldest Inhabitant and the Leading Merchant and the Presbyterian Minister, shook his head and said, "Great Scott, what a waste!" Then he rolled up his shirt-sleeves and pitched in. He saw that if he could induce the power companies at the Falls to build lines to Welland, if he could induce more railroads to build to Welland, and then induce American factories to locate their Canadian plants at Welland, he could build up a manufacturing city of the first class. He worked hard at the inducing business, and he won. Seven lines of railway touch Welland now, and over twenty factories are running where only one was in 1906. He has put in his days and nights and Sundays telling the manufacturing world about the advantages of Welland, and convincing them that no other point in Canada can assemble raw material as easily, manufacture products as cheaply and distribute the output as quickly. And he has increased the population of the town three hundred per cent. in five years by these methods, which is pretty good guarantee of his efficiency.

It is in a way characteristic, that McCormick should do all this "without money and without price," merely because he saw potential value going to waste. Probably he would laugh at you if you told him he was a dreamer. But he is—the modern sort of dreamer who dreams in steel and smokestacks, and he and his like have done more to make Canada a nation than all the statesmen.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST

BY TEN o'clock on Sunday evening, May 12th, prospective buyers of lots in the Hudson's Bay Reserve began to gather at a little old church building on Third Street. No lots were to be sold until the following Tuesday, the 14th, but tickets entitling the holders to purchase at the sale opening on Tuesday were to be distributed from the little church building at two o'clock on the following Monday afternoon. The lots in question are scattered over about eight hundred acres that the great company have for years been holding as an absolute blank on the map of Edmonton, until the city has practically surrounded it. At last it was decreed that a portion of the property, an even fifteen hundred lots, generally of fifty feet frontage by one hundred and fifty feet in depth, should be offered at certain previously specified prices, on Tuesday, May 14th.

To those with a clear perception of the possibilities of Central Alberta, and the present and prospective greatness of Edmonton, these lots were exceedingly to be desired, and afforded visions of much easy money to be made by purchase and resale, notwithstanding that the prices announced by "The Company" ranged all the way from $1,100 to $28,000 each for these lots. Hence the anxiety to be early on the ground, to ensure securing one of the coveted cards, fifteen hundred of which were to be issued. But as each ticket-holder was to be permitted to purchase four lots, the holders of the higher numbers would have little or no prospect of being first-hand purchasers.

By midnight it was estimated that there were four hundred people in the waiting line; by two in the morning the number had swelled to about eight hundred; and daylight Monday morning disclosed approximately fifteen hundred people in the waiting crowd. These were not massed in front of the building, but were stretched in single file along the sidewalk over a distance of some eight or ten blocks in the neighborhood. The utmost good humor prevailed, and no attempt was made by anyone to usurp a place in the line to which he was not entitled by priority of arrival.

During and after the distribution of tickets, some big offers were made, and generally refused, for tickets bearing the lower numbers, entitling the holders to early selection of lots. It is believed that the holder of number one refused $15,000; that $12,500 was offered and refused for number two; and relatively high figures were bid for other tickets bearing small numbers. Numbers four and five sold for $5,000 each. As the numbers rose, the values of course declined, the three hundred going at from $250 down to about $75, while

THE TICKETS ENTITLING HOLDERS TO PURCHASE LAND AT THE OPENING OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY LANDS IN EDMONTON WERE NOT GIVEN OUT UNTIL TWO O'CLOCK ON A MONDAY AFTERNOON, BUT SUNDAY NIGHT SAW A LINE FORMED AND WAITING

above four hundreds the value dwindled to vanishing point, as the only chance for these to come in was that some of the first three hundred and seventy-five might not select the four lots to which they were each entitled.

Had there been something to be given away, the sight of these many hundreds of people spending most of a night and a large portion of a scorching Alberta day in the waiting line, would have been remarkable. But when it is remembered that they were not looking for anything for nothing, but were simply striving for an opportunity to buy Edmonton vacant property at prices ranging from $22 to $1,400 per front foot, the incident is a somewhat remarkable testimony as to the confidence of Westerners in the continued development of their greater cities.

A HANDFUL OF BOOKS

THAT gipsy, "Janey Canuck," has cut a new quill and put her craft to use again in a volume whose cover design of prairie sunset and settler's wagon bears out its title of "Open Trails." (Cassell & Co., Toronto.) Those who know her earlier books of travel notes need no introduction to her as a wise and merry observer; and those who do not, should make her acquaintance.

A mere reviewing of the book's contents tells but little. No events of great moment occur; no tragedies are played, no great labors discussed, no issues brought to the bar of justice. Rather, it is preeminently a book of the everyday—a recounting of a driving trip in northern Alberta with "the Padre," a return to her childhood's home in Ontario, a sojourn in hospital —that is a grim chapter, even through "Janey's" gay eyes—and many other things that seem but trivial.

Yet, after all, it is often the small things that are longest remembered, and it may well be that "Open Trails" will stand as a picture of Canada long after more weighty and statistical tomes are forgotten.

Among those weightier tomes, are Leo Thwaite's new volume on Alberta in Porter's "Progress of Nations" series (George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., London) and Frank Carrel's

"Canada West and Farther West." (Telegraph Printing Co., Quebec.) Mr. Carrel adds to his name the title of "Journalist," and the book is made up of his correspondence to the "Quebec Telegraph." In the preface he submits that the book was written on trains and steamers in the course of a seven thousand mile journey from Quebec to Vancouver during the short space of thirty days. Such a book, necessarily, is superficial; and yet it is interesting as an eastern man's view of the west, and good in that it spreads the gospel of Canada's opportunity. Wheat and cattle, mines and steamers, railways and progress, sunshine and transplanted "Quebecers" are what Mr. Carrel sees in Western Canada, and he has caught the contagious enthusiasm of the country.

The handbook of Alberta by Leo Thwaite, however, wears no pretence of the colorful impressionism of "Open Trails" and "Canada's West." It is a sober, grey little affair, full to the brim with carefully collected, verified, counter-checked and cross-indexed information on the Province—a handy thing to have in your library for reference if not for reading.

Isabel Ecclestone Mackay's new book does something of a tardy justice to the romance of Canada's Pacific Coast. Men like London, Service and Hough have written of Alaska. But although Victoria and Vancouver breathe romance, and the sea-battered isles of the coast hide fantastic stories, they have as yet got but little into print. It is too bad that Mrs. Mackay has not emphasized more the locale of "The House of Windows" (Cassell & Co., Toronto) and made it manifestly impossible for the story to have happened anywhere but on the shores of Burrard Inlet. The scene is laid in a coast city, and then is carried afield to a curious, rambling old roadhouse on an inland highway. The heroine is a slip of a clerk in a department store, and her adventures are exciting enough, comprising a mystery of birth, a secret love affair, a revenge, an abduction and a rescue. The girl herself is pleasantly drawn, and her lover is a convincingly adequate young man with the resource of the west. Curiously enough, the impression that remained longest with the reviewer was that of old Granny Bates clawing in the ashes of the fire to find Christine's little grey silk glove.

The book is charmingly written, and moves smoothly, but there is yet to come the writer who will paint with bold strokes Vancouver as the reviewer saw it in a certain May.

HORSE SENSE

CHARLES W. ROWLEY, manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce at Winnipeg, has been talking sound sense about the opportunity offered to Canadian Clubs in Western Canada in educating our new Canadians. He believes that the artisan class of the Dominion, the men of the factory, the shop and the farm "are the substratum of our progress. They represent sterling citizenship in its rudimentary stage, and to the extent to which their minds are trained in broad channels of wholesome thought and resolute fealty, to that extent we will be better off in the elements of higher creativeness. . . . Our working people come here to better their condition. Before they came, they had learned that Canada's laws were well administered and that here they could enjoy self-government to the fullest degree.

"It should become," he goes on, "not merely a habit, but a national principle to infuse and inspire in our working class and agricultural people such real material conceptions as will create in Canada the highest standard of the Anglo-Saxon race. I strongly favor the organization of industrial and farm branches of our Canadian clubs and hope that action looking to their formation may soon be undertaken by the Canadian Club of Winnipeg."

This is not mere idealism; it is good business sense from a hard-headed business man, and loyal Canadians who want to see Canada developed to its fullest will agree with Mr. Rowley in his belief that the Canadian clubs have a real and valuable work to do in this regard.

NATIVE CAUTION

"IS there any truth in the reports that since your town has adopted local option it is possible to get any drink one wants at any drug store?" asks the visitor.

"Are you thirsty or are you working for a magazine?" asks the convivial citizen.

TWO VIEW POINTS

WILL (cheerfully)—Hello, Jack. Married yet?

Jack (sadly)—Yes, married yet.

REAL PHILOSOPHY

"WE haven't any real philosophers in these days."

"Yes, we have. I know a man who has six daughters, all grown up and unmarried."

"What's philosophical about that?"

"He says he is glad none of them have been taken from him."

GUIDING HER

"I NEVER know just what to have for my husband's dinner," says the first bride.

"Jack helps me a great deal," says the second. "Every time he sees a recipe for some made-over dish he clips it for me."

"Isn't that splendid! Then you know just what he wants."

"I know just what he doesn't want. He gives the recipes to me so I will remember not to have any of them."

EGOTISM

AS we wander along through this vale of tears.
It is plain, among other things,
That no song is so sweet to a donkey's ears
As the song that the donkey sings.
—Judge.

As my course through this gloomy old world I pursue
It becomes as plain as can be
That I ever am gladdest while listening to
The nice things I say about me.

COULDN'T MISS THAT CHANCE

"IN China," said Mrs. Wadsworth, they do nearly all things in exactly the opposite way from that in which they are done here."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Dawson, "I have heard that they did."

"For instance, when one person desires to compliment another over there he does not say, 'How young you look,' but 'How old you look,' and when one person is asked to guess another's age he always guesses that the person whose age is under discussion is much older than his or her appearance would indicate."

"Dear me, how curious. It would be rather difficult for them to compliment you in that way over there, wouldn't it?"

SOCIALIST TERMS DEFINED

CLASS struggle—The annual strife between freshmen and sophomores at any of our colleges.

Economic Determinism—A cup of coffee and a ham sandwich, or two beers and free lunch, when you have only 15 cents left and need a nickel for car fare.

Surplus Value—The unexpected use which a bargain hunter finds in an article "price 19 cents, marked down from 20."

'LIZBETH'S PUZZLE

MY first name's 'Lizbeth. 'Course there's more,
But 'at's th' name 'at goes buhfore
My yuther name—but I can't see
How they knew 'zactly it was me
An' what my name was, when I come
From heaven where I started from.

I was too little then to talk—
W'y, then I couldn't even walk!
But they knew my first name just right,
An' never guessed th' leastest mite.
They called me 'Lizbeth right away,
An' so I 'cluded I would stay.

An' ever'body else, they know
Just what my first name is, an' so
It puzzles me an awful lot,
Buhcause, o' course, a person's got
To have a name o' hers or his,
Or else she don't know who she is!

An' 'Lizbeth—'at's th' only name
For me; no yuther one's th' same.
They might 'a made a big mistake—
Like lots o' people's apt to make—
An' called me sumpin else, you see;
Then some one else would 'a been me!

I think your folks is awful smart
To know your name right at th' start—
But when I get a bran' new doll,
W'y, I don't know her name at all
Until I've thought of what will fit,
An' tried it on a little bit.

So it seems wonder-ful to me—
As wonder-ful as it can be—
That papa, an' my mamma, too,
Soon as I come to them, they knew
Just what my name is, an' they say:
"Here's 'Lizbeth come to us to-day!"

HER AGE

A woman is as old as she looks if she doesn't look her age.

PREPARED

WE ARE seated in the office of our old friend, the veterinary surgeon. The telephone rings and he answers it.

"I'll come right away," he says, and gathers his equipment together. We note that he adds a few wrenches, hammers, screwdrivers and the like to his professional supplies.

"What are those for?" we ask.

"I have advanced with the world," he smiles. "Nowadays I always carry an auto repair outfit with me, for I seldom know whether I'm called to attend to a horse or a machine."

KINDER SKITTISH

A GOOD old mammy of ante-bellum days went into a shoe store and asked for "a pair of ever'day shoes—small tens." The clerk selected a pair of men's heavy plow shoes for her and she seated herself to try them on. The clerk remained standing in front of her. She glanced up and asked:

"Honey, is you all gwine to stan' dere while I tries 'em on?"

The clerk answered: "Why, no, auntie; I'll move on if you wish it."

She said: "Please do, honey, 'cause I'se white-folks raised and I'se kinder skittish."

A LEGAL OPINION

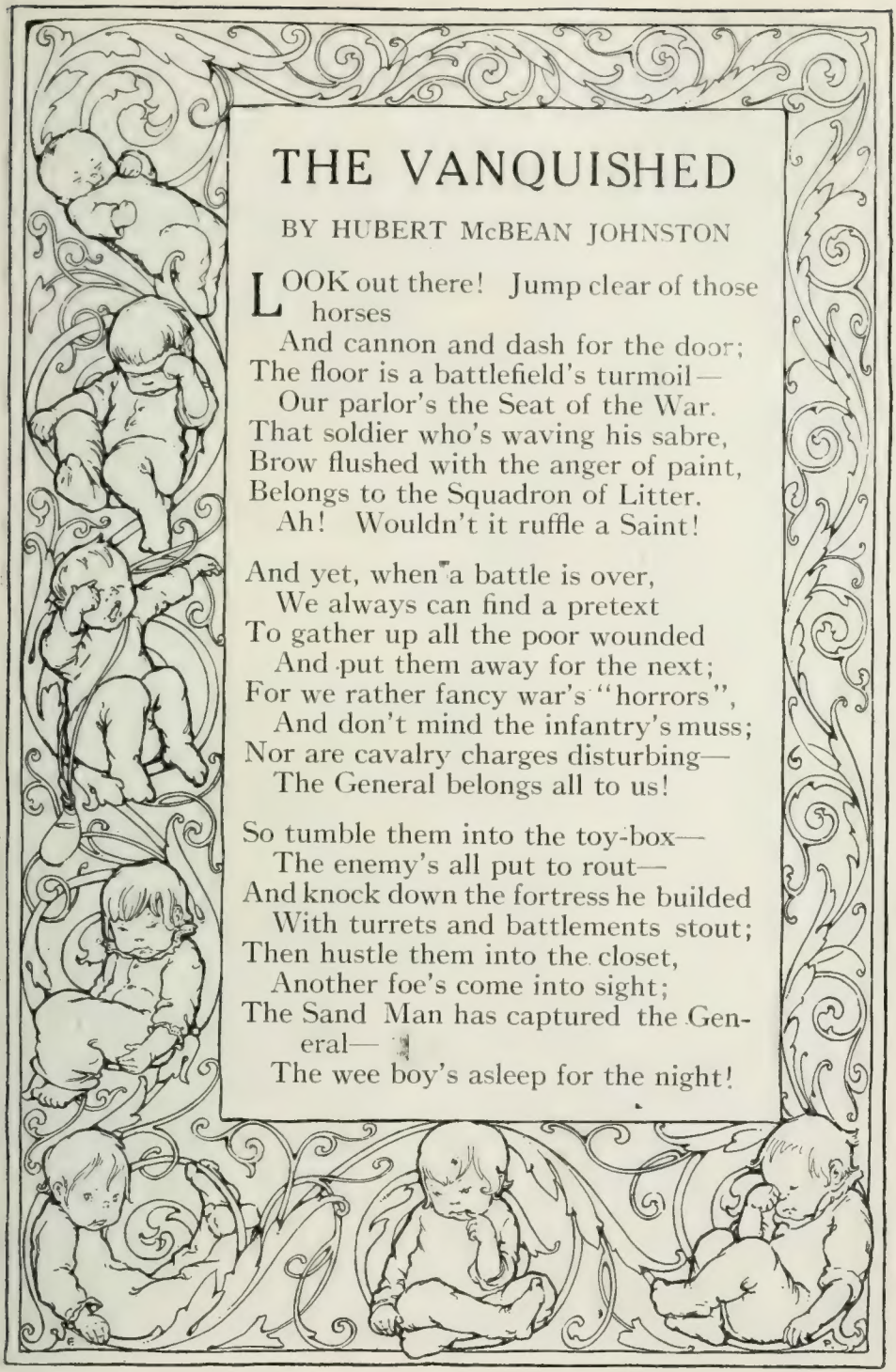
A LAWYER in a small Alberta town was completing his peroration and wound up in this way:

"Truth squashed to earth shall rise again and all hell can't stop her."

LITTLE PRAGMATIST

A CANADIAN editor recently received this letter:

Dear Sir:—Our little six-year-old son says his prayers every night with childish earnestness. Last night he was repeating his prayer, and when he came to "Give us this day our daily bread," he stopped and said to his mother: "Mamma, what's the use of praying for The Daily Bread all the time, when the boy keeps leaving The Evening Post?"



THE VANQUISHED

BY HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON

LOOK out there! Jump clear of those horses
And cannon and dash for the door;
The floor is a battlefield's turmoil—
Our parlor's the Seat of the War.
That soldier who's waving his sabre,
Brow flushed with the anger of paint,
Belongs to the Squadron of Litter.
Ah! Wouldn't it ruffle a Saint!

And yet, when a battle is over,
We always can find a pretext
To gather up all the poor wounded
And put them away for the next;
For we rather fancy war's "horrors",
And don't mind the infantry's muss;
Nor are cavalry charges disturbing—
The General belongs all to us!

So tumble them into the toy-box—
The enemy's all put to rout—
And knock down the fortress he builded
With turrets and battlements stout;
Then hustle them into the closet,
Another foe's come into sight;
The Sand Man has captured the General—
The wee boy's asleep for the night!